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HYMN

OF THE TEN REGIMENT (N. Y.) AT THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Inscribed to Col. Duryea.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Shouts of our Father! here we stand
With sinews bracing, and unbowed head!
Here, in our presence give to thee
The homage of the world.

II.

O Hero, Soldier, Patriot, Sage!
Breathe o'er us something of thy worth,
As we may honor, as thou didst honor,
A Cynosure to Earth.

III.

Thou shalt see in the guards of Peace,
And only wake such Battle's storm
As burial, and grand, and true become
Of Freedom's holy form.

IV.

Shouts of our Father! smite on us
For we this day were worthily Sight,
And bow adore before the throne
Of Deathless eternal light.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE ROAD.

Our travellers struck the high road at Flickering, and for a while all went well. The stars were out in all their twinkling brilliancy, and they had no trouble in finding their way. They passed New Malton, on the Derwent, at eleven o'clock, and hoped to reach York before ten. Since her father died, Emma had not used her horse much, and he had become restive and high-mettled from good feeding and no work, and several times she found it requiring all her strength and address to curb him. Twice Adam offered to exchange horses with her, but she declined.

"I know his disposition," she said, "and he knows his sickness. There are only playful fits."

"But they be rough ones, my lady," replied Adam, with some concern. "That is a high-perfect animal, and your light weight is soon set to rigue him. My beast is far more safe."

"O—have no fears," the lady girl returned, at the same time giving her horse a gentle nip with her riding-whip. "He is only playing."

At that moment, and while the words still sounded upon her lips, a huge night-bird, which seemed to have been perched upon a tall tree by the wayside, gave an unearthly scream, and, swooping down to cross the road, flapped its wings directly in the face of the restive horse. The animal gave one leap, and then darted away like the wind, losing both himself and rider in the darkness almost in a moment. With a cry of terror, Mary seized her rein with a firmer hold, and urged her horse to the top of his speed, while her brother, who was equally terror-stricken, though he showed it not so plainly, kept close by her side. His animal could travel no faster than her own, and as she was an expert rider, she kept on at full speed without fear of danger.

On they dashed, without speaking, keeping a careful watch as they passed, until they reached Whitwell Inn, which was nearly ten miles from the place where Emma had left them. At times they were sure they heard the cries of their pursuer, but they could not bring him in sight. They saw a light in the lookout, and Adam proposed that they should pull up and make inquiries. They did so, and as the woodsman approached the place, he met a man coming out with a lantern in his hand.

"Friend," said Adam, "hast seen or heard a horse pass here within these few minutes back?"

"Sim—not sure," replied the fellow. "But there be a hoss as did stop here but a bit ago. He coom doubt' down the road like fightnin, an' turned in here of his own will."

"Where is he now?"

"In the shed yonder. Coom wi' me, an' I'll show 'im to ye."

Adam saw the horse, and he knew in a moment 'twas Emma's. The beast was covered with sweat, and trembled like an aspen.

"You see no person on this horse?" cried the woodman.

"Noo—not a bit. He coom jus' as ye see him now, all alone an' befagged. He moost ha' had a hard run, sir. Doo ye know 'im? Be somebody hurt?"

"Yes—a lady. Lend me your lantern."

"But—you'll no run away wi' it," answered the hostler, reluctantly.

"Fool!" exclaimed Adam, impatiently, "have a'n ye got the horse in pledge?"

He snatched the lantern as he spoke, and hurried back to where his mate was holding his beast.

"She's back here," he said, as he leaped into his saddle. "We must have passed her. Her horse is here, so she must have been thrown off by the roadside. We'll watch sharp as we go."

They rode slowly back, Adam keeping one side of the way, and his mate the other, and thus they searched. They went on until they had reached the place where the lady had left them, but no trace of her could they find. Then they went over the whole distance again, this time stopping where the trees and bushes were thick, while they could search by the light of the lantern. Again they reached the inn, and no tidings had been heard there. They were answered by the hostler that the horse had come from towards New Malton, and that he came into the yard upon the gallop, seeming to be very much frightened.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Mary, quaking with fear and anguish, "what shall we do? Oh! if my poor dear mistress is dead, I shall die!"

"She cannot have been killed," returned Adam, hopefully. "If she had been, we should have found her by the wayside. She may have been taken into one of the houses on the road. It will be daylight in an hour, and we will then go back and inquire at every house."

"Let's start at once," urged Mary. "We can easily wake the people up."

"So—we'll wait," returned Adam. "We can do better by daylight. And hewish, if she had been taken up, she is as safe for the present as she would be if we were with her, while if she should chance to be by the roadside, we might miss her again if we started now."

Mary gave up the point, and having seen that the horses had something to eat, Adam led his down into the inn, where he made her lie down. She lay there, as he commanded, but she might as well have been upon the housetop as far as any thought of sleep was concerned. She was too anxious, and too full of terrible fears for her young mistress, to think of closing her eyes. When the first peep of daylight came she started from her couch, and joined her brother, whom she found just ready to call her. They ate a slight breakfast, and were soon on the road again.

There were but few houses between Whitwell Inn and Malton, but they stopped at every one, and made particular inquiries. One man said he heard a horse gallop by sometime during the night, and that was all the information they could gain. They searched by the roadside as they went

we'll send word over right off that you're safe, so that the people there shan't be uneasy about you."

"But I shall return very soon."

"Just as soon as we think it's proper for you to go, my dear. But tell me—where were you going all alone on horseback, last night?"

"I was going on business of my own."

"What kind o' business, my good child?"

"It was business which I need not now explain," replied Emma, quite firmly.

"And did you intend to come back to Ravendale again?"

"Of course I did. I meant to return as soon as my business was done."

"But was you all alone on the road?"

"No. I had two of my own servants with me?"

"Which two?"

"They were two of those who are paid for obeying the mistress of Ravendale."

Lavinia Cleaveland was slightly disconcerted. She saw that the maiden was inclined to be independent, and she thought it best not to question her further. So she smothered her chagrin, and very quietly said—

"I didn't wish to get at any of your secrets, my dear; but I shan't take offense, for I know you don't feel very well. I suppose you'd like something to eat and drink."

Emma said she should, and the woman went away. She was not gone long, and when she returned she bore a tray in her hand.

"There," she said, as she placed it upon the table, "when you eat and drink some I think you'll feel better. Perhaps you'd rather get up to eat. Do you feel strong enough?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I am strong enough for that; and I am strong enough to go to Ravendale."

"Not quite. But let's see how you get along today, and then we'll talk about that."

Emma arose, and after taking a few steps she could walk very steadily. She bathed her brow and face, and then sat down to the table, after which the old woman left her to herself, and descended to the lower hall, where she met Sir Thomas.

"Well," said the latter, "how do you find her? Is she much hurt?"

"She isn't hurt at all," replied Lavinia. "She is a little lame, and feels somewhat sore; but she'll quickly overcome that, and be as strong as ever."

"And how is she otherwise?"

"As proud and independent as can be. She wants to return to Ravendale at once."

"She'll return when she is my wife, and not before," said the earl.

"You may depend upon her now," returned Lavinia. "If I cannot break her down for you then I'll give up my life. I can bring some strange things to bear upon her. But mind—your mother must not know that she is here."

"Of course not," assented Thomas. "But does she know where Margaret Glendower is?"

"I think not. In fact, I know she does not; though I have caught her in the act of following me several times."

"And, by the way, why have you kept that woman so long?" asked the earl.

"I have had two reasons, Thomas. First—I was willing she should live as long as she could while I had her where I knew she was safe. And, second, I was in hopes to learn something of importance from her—something which I wished very much to know—something which concerns me—something which happened before you were born. You need not ask me what it is, for I fear I shall not get it from her."

"Never mind," returned Sir Thomas. "All I ask is that you will keep on the safe side. If there is any of that old danger still lurking about us I pray you look out for it; for, now that Emma Dean is in our power, and may soon become my wife, I do not wish to feel that a chance bolt may drop from the mystic cloud you have been so long watching, and do me harm."

"Your hint is timely," said the old woman, closing her long, bony fingers as though she had something within their gripe. "I will look to Margaret Glendower. You need ask me no more about her."

"But one word more concerning Emma Dean," urged the young nobleman. "Did you tell her how I saved her life, and bore her here?"

"Yes: and I told her how you shed tears over her misfortune."

"You needn't have gone quite so far as that," said Thomas, with a shrug of the shoulders, "for I think it very likely she knows me better. However, no harm is done. But how did she take it?"

"I could not tell exactly. She was very anxious then about getting home. But," added the old woman, with a diabolical snap of the eye, "we can't depend upon moving her by any such means. It must bed one by another course. I tell you, she's proud and stubborn, and will not be coaxed. But time will do it—time and perseverance. I have accomplished more difficult things than that."

At this juncture the lady Annabella entered the apartment, and the subject was dropped.

"Mother," said the weak-minded woman, "I have seen him."

"Seen whom?" returned Lavinia, gazing sharply and sternly upon her.

"I've seen the scourge of the North Sea—the boldest man in all Yorkshire. Ha! ha! ha! how the storm howled, and how the seas beat over him, when he went down in the deep ocean. I tried to save him—but I could not."

"Whom do you speak of?" asked the earl.

"Of one who——"

"*Silence!*" screamed Lavinia, turning purple with rage. "Have I not told you, idiot, to stop this idle dreaming! Go to your room!"

"Hold!" cried the earl, as Lavinia placed her hand roughly upon Annabella's arm. "Remember that she is my mother. I cannot see her abused."

"Back, boy!" the old woman said, authoritatively. "You know not her disposition as well as I do. Leave her to me; she is wandering again."

Lavinia led Annabella out as she spoke, and the earl could hear his grandmother's voice in harsh chidings as she passed through the hall.

"By the holy record!" he muttered to himself, as he strode across the apartment, "I'll know what this all means. There must be more here than that old woman tells me. Why should my mother continually harp upon that one subject if there's no meaning to it? Why should her mind run so upon storms, and tempests, and smugglers? I'll see her at once. She shall tell me what this deep mystery is."

The earl waited until the lady Lavinia had returned and taken her seat, and then he went out; and having paused a few moments in the hall, he ascended the stairs and went to his mother's room. He found her there, and there were traces of tears upon her cheeks. She gazed up at him with a troubled expression, and seemed desirous of avoiding him; but he took a seat by her side, and after a few moments' hesitation he said, in a low, gentle tone—

"Mother, I have sought you to ask you a question. I know you love me."

Annabella returned the look of her son with a half vacant gaze at first; but gradually a look of earnestness stole over her face, and she replied—

"There is but little else on this hard earth for me to love, Thomas. I have loved you for three-and-twenty years—loved you, perhaps, not as I ought, but loved you as well as they would let me."

"Then," resumed the earl, "if you love me you will not refuse the boon I am about to ask. You cannot refuse me."

The woman began to be uneasy, but she did not speak. She only fixed her eyes upon her son, and stared at him until he looked away.

"Mother," he said, after a pause, again looking into her face, "I want to ask you a question—a very important question. Now I know that between my grandmother and yourself there is some deep secret—some mystery which has to do with me and mine. What is it?"

Annabella covered her face with her hands, and groaned aloud.

"Alas, my son," she said, "if you could have seen what I have seen you would not ask me that question. There is no secret for you."

"Don't put me off so, mother. There is some secret. I am as certain of it as I am that I now live, and speak to you. Why does that old woman send you off when you begin to talk?"

"When I begin to talk of what?" asked Annabella, with the vacant look again.

"When you begin to talk of storms, and tempests, and of smugglers."

"Ha!" cried the woman, with a sudden start, "what know you of the smuggler? Who has told you?"

"I know only what I have heard you say. But I have heard you say enough to assure me that there is some deep meaning in it all. Now what is it? Listen to me," the earl continued, taking her by the hand, and gazing earnestly and imploringly into her face. "What of this smuggler? What connexion have Margaret Glendower and her child with my affairs?"

"Why not ask Lavinia?" returned Annabella, in a low whisper.

"I have asked her."

"And didn't she tell you?"

"Aye—but not the truth. She has told me what she pleased, but I know that she has told me nothing like the facts. And now I ask you. You will not refuse me."

"My poor boy," said the shattered woman, with pity and tenderness in her tone and manner, "would you go into the wood at night if you knew there were ten thousand serpents there, the bite of either one of which would prove fatal in an hour after the fangs had entered your flesh?"

"That depends upon circumstances, my mother; it would depend upon what I had at stake. If you were there, and in danger, I would not hesitate."

"Ah—but suppose I was dead and buried, and there was no one there whom you could help—and suppose there were ten thousand times ten thousand serpents, all through the wood,—then would you go?"

"Of course not."

"Then be careful how you tread upon the ground you have approached. There is no secret for you. It is nothing that you should trouble yourself about in any way. Be wise, and keep away from the ocean when the wind howls, and the tempest tosses the frail bark to the dark valley of the shadow of death!"

There was a strange g_t in the woman's large, dull grey eyes—a sort of mournful glimmering—as though the soul were heavy with painful memories.

"Mother," the young man said, bringing all the persuasiveness of look and tone to his aid which he could command, "you mistake me if you think that anything which you could tell me would worry me. It is the very suspense in which I am kept by knowing that the secret exists, and is not confided to me, that worries me. Now tell me what it is. Come—do not refuse me now."

"Poor boy!" murmured Annabella. "You know not what you ask. You are like a child in the sea that can neither sink nor swim. Let this thing alone. The storm and the tempest are for me—not for you. For *me*, I say. *She* will take care of you—my mother will—the lady Lavinia—the countess. She will take care of you, as she has taken care of me. Go—she has taken glorious care of me—glorious care. And she takes care of me now. She'll take care of you too, my boy. She knows how to do it. She isn't afraid of storm and tempest. But she's afraid of smugglers. Ha, ha, ha—she's afraid of smugglers!"

Annabella stopped suddenly, and caught her son by the arm. She gazed into his face with a half-terrified look, and then added, in a sharp, shrill whisper:

"Trust to her, but don't thwart her. Don't go into the woods when the serpents are there. And, if you see a serpent, don't put your foot on it. Now go. Go and be easy. You must keep very quiet. The earth will roll for you until it rolls open your grave, and then you needn't care whether it rolls any more or not. Go, Thomas, and let the withered woman take care of you. She has taken the charge—she took it three-and-twenty years ago—she must keep it. Go to her—but come not to me. There—I can speak no more."

She sank her head upon her hands as she spoke, and no amount of entreaty could induce her to speak another word. She sat there as mute and dumb as a stone, and would not even answer her son by a look. He plead with her until he became satisfied that she would speak no more, and then he withdrew from the apartment. He left the hall, and walked to the park, where he paced to and fro among the trees. He was angry now that he was alone, and his disappointment found vent in curses upon his grandmother. But he did not plan to seek information from her. He resolved that he would pursue the course he had marked out, let the consequences be what they would, and he would avail himself of her assistance while he needed it, trusting to the future for a solution of the mystery he had thus far sought to solve in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.

EMMA HAS VISITORS.

There was much anxiety at Ravendale when it was discovered that the lady Emma was missing; but when, towards night, Adam Nolan and Mary returned, and the truth was known, the servants mourned and wept, and believed their young mistress dead. With a bold front the woodman sought Walter Dean, and related to him the circumstances of the accident that had happened. Dean heard him through without speaking, and did not fly into a passion. Adam had prepared himself to meet a perfect storm of curses and anathemas, and he was not a little surprised by the calmness with which his account was received. The man was apparently angry, and his brow was dark, but he raved not as was his wont when things went wrong with him.

"You were going to York with her, you say?" remarked Walter, after the woodman had ceased speaking.

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"And what did the lady want there?"

"She wished to see some of her friends."

"What friends?"

"That I could not tell thee."

"But why did she go at such a time, and without consulting me?"

"You should know that, sir, as well as I. She must have feared that you would detain her."

"Very likely," said Dean, with a significant closing of the lips, and a slight grating of the teeth. "And what, think you, was her object in going?"

"To escape from the presence of the earl," answered Adam, bluntly.

"Aye, aye—I thought so. And now, sir, how dared you connive at such a plan? How dared you assist in such a trampling upon my authority?"

"I only obliged one whom I have been accustomed to obey, sir. I could not refuse her."

"And did you think to escape a just punishment upon such a pretext, sirrah? But we'll waste no words now. We'll send out and see if she is to be found. Or—I will ride away myself. I will go to York, and inquire as I go. But mark me—if she is not found it shall go hard with you. I want no more of you now."

Adam Nolan went out into the yard, and there met Rodolph, the old hound-keeper, to whom he had already related the events of the past night.

"Have ye seen him?" the old man asked.

"Yes," returned the woodman.

"An' did he rave like mad?"

"Not at all. I was never so surprised in my life. He was as calm as could be. He acted strangely. I was all nerved up for a terrible time, but I had it not. I' faith, I know not what to make of it."

"Will he turn out our people to search for her?"

"No—I think not. He is going himself."

The old man bent his eyes to the ground, and stood for some moments in silent thought. Then he cast a hurried glance around him, and said, in a low, cautious tone:

"I have it, Adam."

"Have what, Rodolph?"

"The reason of Walter Dean's strange behavior. I think I know why he did not rave as you thought he would."

"Ah—what is it?"

"It's plain enough," returned the hound-keeper, with another careful glance around him. "If the lady Emma is dead, who comes in for all this property, eh?"

"Zounds," ejaculated Adam, "I never thought of that."

"But ye can think of it now, can't ye?"

"Aye, by the great Thor I can!" replied the woodman. "Holy angels! what a thing for Ravendale that would be! Only think of it. Walter Dean for master here, and our young mistress gone! Rodolph," he added, with startling solemnity, "there's a Spirit of evil over this place—over this whole section. Just look back over the past few months and see what has happened. Is there not some mighty power of darkness back of all this?"

The old man shuddered as he replied:

"It does seem so, Adam. It does seem so. But the end may soon come. Sir Roland is dead, and now if our sweet young mistress is dead, too, and Walter comes into full possession, as he must, there can be no worse things to happen."

The thought thus brought to life did not rest with its birth. Old Rodolph whispered it to the porter, and the porter whispered it to the steward, and the steward whispered it to the cook; so both male and female servants got hold of it, and ere long it was generally believed that the lady Emma was dead, and that Mr. Walter would take the estate as his own. And some even dared to whisper that the dark uncle would not find the lady if he could. As may be supposed, consternation and grief were upon all the servitors at Ravendale; but none felt so keenly as did Adam Nolan and his sister. They felt that they had been to blame for having allowed their mistress to go as she did; and, argue as they would, they could not drive off the sense of responsibility. Poor Mary wept and moaned till she was faint and worn with pain and anguish, and she was free to declare that she wished not to live if her dear mistress could not be found.

Just at sundown Walter Dean ordered his horse and rode away. He said he was going to York, and should not be back until the next night. He gained the high road, and then turned towards Woldhill, and shortly after dark he was with the earl, with whom he spent the night. They did not drink deeply then, but they played for small stakes, and laid their plans for the more important work they had in hand.

* * * * * * * *

The sun arose bright and clear, and Emma Dean started from her bed and threw open the casement. The mellow tints of autumn were upon the wide-spread foliage, and the air was fresh and pure. When she had dressed herself the maiden felt almost as well as ever, and if there was any lameness remaining she noticed it not. She sat by the window for half an hour, waiting for some one to come to her, but as no one made an appearance she concluded that she would try and find her way to the court-yard, and walk there for awhile. Perhaps the family were not up yet.

With this intention she went to the door and tried to open it, but it would not give way beneath her touch. She tried again, and again. Perhaps the old oaken posts had become swelled. But no—that could not be, for the door was easily jarred, and seemed to swing easily in its frame. It was locked! As soon as this fact became apparent to her she went back to the window and sat down. A host of vague fears came rushing to her mind, but she would not give them thought. She dared not conjecture. She would wait until some one came, and then she would know.

At length the door was opened, and the wrinkled face of the lady Lavinia appeared. But the old woman did not enter. She only looked in, and then she withdrew, closing the door after her. In a little while it was opened again, and Sir Thomas Cleaveland entered.

"Dear lady," he said, approaching her with a smile and a deferential bow, "you know not how happy it makes me to find you so fully recovered from your late injuries. May I not hope that you are feeling well this morning?"

"I am feeling extremely well in bodily health, sir," replied the maiden, in a cold, shrinking tone.

"Then if the body be well, the mind must soon regain its wonted level," pursued the earl, sinking into a chair as she spoke. "By my soul, I was never more startled in my life than when I found you—dead, as I thought—by the roadside. But, thanks be to God, I had the joy of seeing you breathe again."

He spoke so fervently, and with such seeming honesty, that Emma could not help feeling a momentary trust in his truth.

"I am grateful for your kindness, sir—indeed I am," she said. "But I was not seriously injured."

"And yet you might have perished had you remained where I found you. Animation was not only entirely suspended, but the functions of life seemed gone. However, you are safe now, and I assure you that I am as happy in having saved you as you can possibly be in being saved."

"And now," said Emma, "will you not add to the obligation under which you have placed me, by allowing me to return to Ravendale?"

"You shall return in good time," replied the earl. "But," he added, in a pleading mood, "I had hoped that we might understand each other better ere you left us. I know not why it is, but something tells me that you have allowed a prejudice to occupy your mind against me. Surely you can have no just reason for this. Why will you not look upon me as your friend?"

"I should be most happy to do so, sir," returned the maiden, keeping back the bitter feeling that moved her soul.

"If you would," cried Sir Thomas, "if you would look upon me as such, and let me know that I held a place in your regard, I should be happier than I have been for months. Why should there be coldness between us? We have been children together—we have been reared close by each other—and why should we not now form a stronger union? I know that your uncle is not the man you would choose for a protector. He does not understand you. Emma—dearest, best of women," he exclaimed, throwing himself upon his knees at her feet, "why will you not make me happy? Come—be mine—and you shall have no want unfulfilled—no desire ungratified!"

He caught her hand as he spoke, but she broke quickly from him, and started away. She believed she gazed upon the murderer of her father. She knew that he had been cleared of the crime by circumstances, but not cleared in her opinion. The thought would not go from her, but gained strength every time she called it up. And there were other crimes, too, laying darkly upon him.

"Do not touch me!" she cried, turning pale as she spoke. "Do not speak to me upon that subject again. You have had my answer once, and I can never give you another."

"Never?" repeated the earl, rising to his feet.

"Never!" was the response.

He curbed the hot passion that came hissing and seething from his bosom, and, pale with the effort, he said in a low, whispering tone, not wholly divested of the passion that lay behind it—

"If you would try—if you would reflect—if you would study for a moment your own good—if you would remember how much you may depend upon a powerful will like mine for the weal of life—perhaps you would think differently. I do not believe that you mean to reject me thus."

"Sir Thomas Cleaveland," spoke the lady, shaking off her trepidation, and raising herself proudly up, "you mistake me if you think I could be swerved from the course I have determined upon. You say we have been children together. So we have been, but never playmates. The child of the poorest tenant upon your broad estate has been as much to me as have you. There can never be love between us. Then why play this farce longer? Let me go to my home, and do you seek a wife who can love and care for you, for the time may come when you will need a gentle hand to smooth your brow, and a hopeful voice to whisper peace and comfort into your soul. You cannot want the property which fortune has left me, for you already have more than enough of your own. You can find those who are fairer than I am, and who will not refuse you."

"And do you think the matter ends here?" asked the earl, still struggling to keep his passion back.

"I should hope it would," returned Emma.

"Then," cried he, with a stamp of his foot, "you are much mistaken. I shall see you again; and until then you may have food for reflection. By the immortal Jove, I would have you know that Lord Thomas Cleaveland is not so easily thwarted in his plans."

With this he turned away and strode from the room, closing the door after him, and throwing a heavy bolt upon the outside. When Emma was thus left alone she sank into her seat and gazed upon the spot where the earl last stood. The gaze was vacant, as though the image which she saw was in her mind, and not in the space before her. She had sat thus some fifteen minutes, with all sorts of fears and surmises chasing each other in her thoughts, when her uncle entered the apartment. She had started to her feet, and was upon the point of speaking, when she caught the ugly look upon his face, and shrunk back.

"Well," he said, after he had regarded her a while in silence, as a man might regard a criminal whom he was obliged to punish, "I find you here, do I? Sit down!"

She sank into a chair, and he followed the example.

"You have had a fine adventure, haven't you? A very fine adventure. You were on your way to York, eh?"

Emma did not answer.

"I know," the man continued, in a bantering, ugly tone. "You were off for York to escape your uncle and guardian. Can you deny that?"

Still no answer.

"Of course you can't. But now tell me—and you'll speak, too, if you please—whom did you expect to see in York?"

"Anybody who would be a friend to me," the maiden cried, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing aloud. At that moment a sense of her friendless situation came to her, and the sad events of the past few moments passed before her like a scroll, calling forth a burst of grief which she could not repress.

"You needn't resort to any such trickery as that," said Walter, with a threatening nod of the head, "for it won't take with me. I know the coin too well. Such stubborn, willful things as you have proved yourself to be don't have such turns for nothing. But you see, you didn't manage it as you expected. It wasn't to be that such sinful disregard of parental authority should succeed. I say, *parental*, and I mean it; for such is my authority over you. You have seen the earl, haven't you?"

"I have," replied Emma, whose soul had become firm again, and fired with indignation at the vile abuse thus heaped upon her by her unworthy uncle. She had resolved that she would not again give way before him.

"And did you remember what I told you the last time we spoke of him?" asked Walter.

"I remembered nothing, sir, save the utter hatred I felt for the man."

"Beware, girl! He came to you with my permission, and he has authority from me for the offer he has made you. I wish you to bear this in mind."

"Walter Dean, this is not the place in which to speak of such a matter. Carry me to my home."

"*This is your home, girl!*"

Emma started with a new and sudden terror. She was affected no less by the tone in which the words had been spoken than by the words themselves.

"*This—this* my home!" she gasped.

"Aye—while you live! I am not to be thwarted. I have said it, and it shall be done! You shall be the wife of Thomas Cleaveland as sure as God lives! Now you know my purpose!"

"*His wife!*" cried Emma, with frantic energy. "Oh—the power was never given to earth that can make me that thing! Between me and death there is but a single step, and I will take it sooner than be his wife!"

"Very well," returned the villanous guardian, while a triumphant flash burned in his eye, and an expression of strange import worked upon his blood-shot features. "You can do as you please about that. If you die I can have no more authority over you, but while you live my authority lasts. Do not forget that."

Emma Dean read the base man's thoughts in a moment.

"When I am dead you will be master of Ravendale!" she said, with so much meaning in her tone and look that her uncle for the moment quailed before her.

"You shall find that I am master now," he uttered, with an oath; "and for the present you know my purpose. You can ponder upon it at your leisure, and when I see you again your stubbornness may have abated somewhat."

"Take me to Ravendale, I pray you."

"Your husband may take you there, but your guardian—never!"

With this Walter Dean strode from the room, and Emma remained for a long time standing where he had left her. Finally her head dropped, and she clasped her hands upon her throbbing brow.

"Father! mother!" she cried, "I can come to you—I will come—ere this curse shall fall upon your unhappy child!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FLIRTING.

In dishonest "affairs of the heart," woman is generally the greatest (if not the only) sufferer. The reason is plain—woman's *affections* are more apt to become interested in such affairs than men's are. The men—favored beings! can *make* love when and where they please, without ever *feeling* one of its genuine yearnings. With them vanity, curiosity, the spirit of adventure, and passion, are the moving forces. They find it "pleasant" to flirt with some agreeable girl—they are amused—they like the entertainment of kind receptions, blushes, loving looks, and words and smiles. That is, they like all these things until the novelty wears off, or until they become "too busy" to spend any more time in pleasure, when they can give it all up without a sigh; forgetting, in the excitement and whirl of business, that they ever did or said a thing to cause a woman to believe she was important to their happiness.

But few women *can* flirt long untouched of feeling. Towards the man she can permit to hold her hand, and sit beside her telling confidential stories, gazing upon her the while with that expression which can be so well imagined, but so feebly described, whose attentions and apparent devotion she never repulses or discourages, woman *can not*, ordinarily, long maintain indifference. Affection, in a woman's heart, *is but a light sleeper*, and a touch, or a whisper, may arouse it *there*, when in a man's heart the thundering of all the guns of Sebastopol might fail to make it start or stir.

Why this is so might perhaps be told, but here it needs not explanation. The fact is all that is necessary to show how foolish it is, and how dangerous to her own peace, for a woman ever to flirt.

If men like the business, let them try it on each other. It is not fair for flint and iron to enter the lists against brittle crystal, or against pure, soft gold—nor for the lion to wrestle with the dove. C. S.

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.

Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning with the same countenance, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterize her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

NECESSITY OF WORKS OF FICTION.

An ideal world is necessary to the mind: all nations, whether rude or civilized, have possessed one, and stocked it with scenes, personages, and occupations suitable to their respective notions of happiness. Man is not satisfied with the objects around him, and from his store of hope and prophetic feeling, builds himself a mental paradise to repose or revel in, while terror and superstition often lend their pernicious aid, intruding "gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire." This becomes the presence-chamber of the soul, where the perceptions are received and ranked. All thoughts and objects become tinged with the prevailing air of the place, and decked either in the gay attire of fancy, or dull livery of woe. We view the world reflected in it as in a speculum, and in no other light can we view it; for to reason against feeling is impossible. This, whether produced by the ascendant genius of a few, by climate, or by divine inspiration, is the pervading spirit of each nation and age. It is this, which originates and characterizes all habit; and to this, as to an all actuating cause, the philosophic historian can trace every fact he narrates.

SERVICE.

What is service in its origin? The employment of a man's limbs and faculties to provide for his wants. Extend this instrument a little, and you have a family of children serving and obeying their own father. The next stage shows us some needy relations drawn into the circle and helping the family. Lastly, we have strangers hired and paid for lending us the use of their faculties and limbs to execute for us what we cannot effect without such assistance. Service is, therefore, a representation of a man's toil, and a servant is always the substitute of his master. The world is in so artificial a state that, in all our reasonings, we must needs make allowance for this condition of our species; but the less distinction a man observes between his servants and his children, the juster he will be to his own interest and to the welfare of those employed, and the better he will understand the true nature of the institution.

"CLAUDE MELNOTTE."

Inscribed to Ch. ——.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, I had loved him for the glorious gleams
Of poesy that from his lip would break;
That lent a charm to all he did or said,
For the sweet shrine of Genius kindly dwelt;
And those wild accents of the heart whose flame
His young impulsiveness at least so fondly lavished.
Yet when I heard the romance of his name
Upon the voice, in love's blue hour I trembled.

Softly, my friend, I've heard his ruthless words
Hail from thy lip in earthly's haunted hours,
And their sweet spell has fretted my bosom's chords
Into the silence of a dreamless sorrow
Will linger with my years evermore.
Yet I have loved thee, and I love thee fair,
And I will pray that to the angel-sheets
Thou will'ng needs may second with me.

My sweet brother, though within thine eye
The darkness grows full mournful, and thy brow
Is withering shadow—in the years gone by
Thou didst on me their sustenance see more than now
And when I hear thy soft-uttered praise
And softer voice in star-light cadence blend,
I need a sister of encouragement by me
To thank the angels that thou art my friend.

THE FLOWER of RHEINSTEIN.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY CORA BELL.

The remains of the ancient castle of Rheinstein still crown the summit of a steep rock which overlooks the right bank of the Rhine. It is in perfect ruins, the wanton hand of destruction having furnished the slower progress of time. The romantic value of it is therefore beyond, a halo of true love crowned!

Once upon a time, centuries ago, there lived in this castle a grim Baron, a quarrelsome old robber, who, when not engaged in conflict with his neighbors, spent his time in predatory excursions on the neighboring countries with the view of replenishing his empty feudal coffers. Now, Baron Hugo's wife, Gisela, besides being cordially hated for being surly and wrong, was possessed of a demon, which, as he determined no one else should have a share of, had turned his still more so spiteful disposition to his neighbors. He had an only child, a daughter, whom possibly hating had rendered dear to him above all every tongue; and, though kept in such strict seclusion that a glimpse of her was seldom seen, rumors of her exceeding beauty had even reached half the noble youths in the country fraternally in love with her.

Offers for the hand of the Flower of Rheinstein had poured upon the lover from all quarters, and had been *absolutely* rejected; if not the suitors themselves, their fathers or grandfathers would have been engaged with him in some hereditary feud or quarrel impossible to heal or close up.

The fair Bertha was not particularly displeased at the summary rejection of her suitors, most of whom were wild, knightly youths, whose highest ambition was deeds of violence, the bare recital of which filled the gentle maiden with horror; another and privately stronger reason was, that she had already disposed of her heart. Yes she loved—alas! not wisely, but too well!—a handsome youth, whose rank in life was lowly, indeed, but whose stately form and ingenuous countenance stamped him not as one of Nature's noble men. Alois Rudet, the seneschal's or porter's son, was her page and shower, resided over-head in a very little girl, sporting like a sprite through the dark old castle. She had grown up to womanhood; and for five years alois still attended on her without having excited the slightest suspicion in the breast he had so long loved, and to fill his gladsome eyes to the portrait lady Bertha. It was this fond sweet for her as the bonnie Arabian she rode on, and trained the fiery hawk that now perched with such dainty nonchalance on her shoulder still; it was Alois that held her such bewitching love stories of poor but adventurous youths, who had loved noble maidens beneath as herself, and who, by their daft reckless courage, by risking into life and vigor, had risen to fame and fortune, animated by their bright eyes.

One day Baron Hugo returned to his castle with a French knight, whom he introduced to his daughter as an old friend and companion in arms. Sir Guy de Courcy, a near looking warrior like himself, was captivated at the first sight of the Flower of Rheinstein, and immediately preferred his suit to her father. Now, his three raids completed, the baron was not a very bad man, for a knight and was proud of Bertha; so he demurred somewhat at the disparity of years, but finally found natural love he did not care a fig for; his own will had been a beautiful, powerful creature, and not a prisoner of the blood royal of France, who had wandered from her lands in a hunting excursion when he carried off and shut up in a solitary tower until she consented to marry him. Such a man did not care much about lovely maidens, when he might have listened to Bertha's prayers and supplications; but ambitious was the king of Christendom had been meditating a new crusade into the Holy Land, and young Sir Guy was setting sail with an enthusiasm that spread like an epidemic.

Baron Hugo caught up the martial ardor; he was now going forth to battle with the infidel himself, daily becoming more dangerous than profitable, and his able resources more hungry, indolent and unmanageable. The French knight, who had himself aroused considerable wonder in Palestine, influenced his imagination, too, with the vision of winning a rich territory in the soft, luxurious regions of Asia—a land, he said, where wealth and power awaited the strong hand.

Now the baron was as ingenious as Mars, but his coffers were empty, and to equip a troop of men without money was impossible. Sir Guy arranged the matter for him, and in a secret conference, the baron agreed that if both parties returned from the holy war his father was to become the bride of Sir Guy; that knight was to supply the funds requisite for the baron's undertaking, to live of which the lands and castle of Rheinstein were mortgaged to him until the debt was paid, or cancelled by his marriage with Bertha.

The Baron von Rheinstein, with a stately retinue of troops, bade adieu to his daughter, commending her to the care of the Abbess of the neighboring convent, with directions to be pious and pray for their success against the infidels. He did not tell her of the wicked compact between Sir Guy and himself, or probably the Flower of Rheinstein would have withered away long before his return; as it was, she indulged in tears and lamentations enough to have changed her into a fountain when she found her beloved Alois was to accompany the baron. Sir Guy's lynx eyes had detected the attachment of the lovers, and resolved the same to his friend.

That evening they met in the shade of the neighboring forest, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The youth swore at her feet that, though no noble blood flowed in his veins, he would carve for himself a name that would render him worthy of her love, or leave his bones to bleach in Palestine. "Yes, dear one, by God's help thy father, were he the proudest lord that ever bore a crest, shall not refuse thee to me when I behold thee his!" He kissed his commanded sword as he murmured these words, but the gentle Bertha threw herself into his arms, and with a moan of agony confessed she put from her beloved, the only protector that she had known among those cold walls. The hapless lovers gazed upon each other with tears gushing from their eyes, embraced again and again, and parted.

Two years rolled on, and no tidings reached the lady Bertha. Once only a pilgrim mentioned that a knight, answering to the description, had saved the King of France's life, and that he doubted him a knight upon the field. Another year rolled like a weary interval away—no more news, and the once peerless loveliness of the Flower of Rheinstein began to droop and fade away.

But suddenly the baron and Sir Guy again appeared. A few months sufficed to restore the sun-burnt cheeks were all they had brought back of the brilliant wreath that had departed with them. To Bertha's tears, and poor Bessie's dismal fear his child, the baron gruffly answered that he had fallen in a melee under the wall of Antioch. He had failed to conquer the splendid kingdom Sir Guy had promised him, having scarcely escaped with his life, with the addition of an ugly wound to the head, which made him more fierce and irascible than ever. Vain was now poor Bertha's endeavor [illegible] to soothe the irritable and infirmest of the baron's temper, and preparations for the marriage were commenced on a scale of unusual magnificence.

The bridegroom elect had not returned from his castle, a quarrelsome old robber, who, when not engaged in conflict with his neighbors, spent his time in predatory excursions on the neighboring countries with the view of replenishing his empty feudal coffers. Now, Baron Hugo's wife, Gisela, besides being cordially hated for being surly and wrong, was possessed of a demon, which, as he determined no one else should have a share of, had turned his still more so spiteful disposition to his neighbors. He had an only child, a daughter, whom possibly hating had rendered dear to him above all every tongue; and, though kept in such strict seclusion that a glimpse of her was seldom seen, rumors of her exceeding beauty had even reached half the noble youths in the country fraternally in love with her.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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OUR OWN RESOURCES.

If there is one thing more than another which the government and people of a country owe to that country and to themselves, it is the cultivation and development of their own native resources, of whatever kind, and the nurture by every possible means of their own industry and skill. No nation can progress in the largest manner, or be truly independent, that fails to follow this dictate of all sound social and political economy. Indeed, this appears to us the only firm basis of nationality—the only rule by which a people can avoid being swallowed up and lost, in so far as distinctive character is concerned. The greatest nations of antiquity, and the most powerful and influential of modern states, have alike found their invincibility in proportion to their self-development and reliance on their own resources.

Since the foundation of the world, there was never a nation endowed with grander means of self-sustainment than our own. With a matchless surface of earth, both in extent and variety; with a climate embracing the whole temperate, and the better portions of the other zones; with mineral wealth inexhaustible; with fields yielding almost spontaneously every desirable product of the globe; with a sea-coast and inland waters unrivaled, giving us the foremost track of commerce; with a government the most satisfying, and institutions the most favorable and imposing; and to crown all and set all these vast agencies of national growth in motion, a people of superlative inventive genius, untiring industry, and peerless aptitude for adventure and conquest—in whatever field. It would seem, looking over the map and history of our Republic, as though God had designed it for the crown of civilization, enlightenment, and national greatness—as though, being the latest born, it was also to become the most memorable of empires.

Still, it is a most anomalous fact, that we Americans, proud and tenacious as we are of our inheritance, are behind all other leading peoples in the sustainment of our own industry, the encouragement of our own skill, and the development of our own resources. It is a truth, no less shameful than palpable, that our national proclivity is to ape foreign, monarchical peoples, and patronize foreign industry and skill. With countless materials, and ample population (much of it wanting labor) to develop them sufficiently, not only for the national use but for vast export, we are constantly in debt to the people of the old world. And even when we produce, though the thing be equal to or better than its foreign competitor, we disdain to patronize it unless it is palmed upon us under a foreign brand. And thus we have the national spectacle of our skill going a-begging, except that it will stoop to the degrading falsehood of a disguise. Our hats must wear a Paris label, our boots must be crimped by a "bottier" instead of a plain shoemaker, and our garments are clumsy and rude unless their fashioner has "taillieur" written on his sign. And this spirit, unfortunately, is a growing one. O for the Americanism of earlier times, when the elder Adams was proud, as President, to wear his suit of homespun to the national Capitol! When our young men and maidens did not esteem it vulgar to appear in aught but foreign toggery, or to be independent of foreign fashions and customs!

STAY AT HOME.

We are constantly in the receipt of letters from all parts of the country, from young men, and old men, and the middle-aged, who have been seized with the latest gold-fever, and wish to know the shortest, cheapest, and least dangerous route to Frazer River. To all such we say that the shortest road to this new and fabulous El-Dorado is long enough, and the safest is environed with hardships and dangers. The country is also unsettled and inhospitable; the rush of reckless and unprincipled men thither is enormous; and such scenes of suffering will be witnessed there during the coming winter as earth seldom affords. We therefore advise all our readers, who have any intention of going thither, to stay at home; or if they *will* go, to defer the enterprise till next spring.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It is now assumed that the success of the greatest enterprise of the age is placed beyond a contingency, although to the cautious and conservative mind there is still room for painful apprehension that accidents of such magnitude may occur to the ocean cable, even after it is satisfactorily laid down and adjusted, as will render it of but little practical benefit. We hope for the best, however; and our faith in the science and mechanism of the age is great. New machinery will be rapidly evolved by the inventive genius of the age, for the overcoming of difficulties and the repairing of accidents; and we shall not be surprised, if, in a few years, it should be nearly as easy to mend a break in the Atlantic cable in mid-ocean, as it is now to remedy a defect in an ordinary line of telegraph.

THE GREAT OBJECT.

The great object of human life, to the calm observer, seems to be not so much the acquirement of happiness, which is said to be "our being's end and aim," as the compassing of fame or notoriety—the latter, temporarily at least, easily won, and the former of rare and difficult achievement. There is scarcely a person living who has not indulged the hope, the pleasing dream of outliving his or her mortal life, in the memory of the race. And to accomplish this result, what sad toils and mad antics have been performed, what energies misdirected, what strength wasted, what morality sacrificed, what virtue betrayed! From the top to the bottom of the ladder of renown, what a weary, impatient crowd has ever presented itself—mostly selfish, but with here and there a noble specimen of generosity.

To all but one in the million—or perhaps millions—how vain, how foolish has been the time-long struggle for distinction after death. What myriad lives, given and intended for the higher and nobler purpose of pure present enjoyment, have been fevered and fretted out in the strife for name, when to him who chanced to win it for a generation or an age, name was as idle as the idlest wind playing among the grasses over his grave. Of all who strive wildly, blindly and madly, how few reach the brief immortality of canvass and marble—how fewer the page of history! history, which is also perishable, since great nations of old lie prone in the dust, with all their proud names forgotten. And if Assyria and Babylon, and Egypt have left us but a dubious hieroglyph on some unmoldered brick or column, whereby to eke out their thousand years of empire and renown, what hope for us single mortals, trailing out our little worm-like destinies? Can we reasonably expect the busy ages to remember us? What did we do, and who were we, to be remembered? Ah, with but rare exception, we were vain fools. Fools because we failed to make the best practical use of a life we had, in a vain strife for impossible immortality.

Yet the goal of distinction—honorable, useful distinction—is worthy of all aspiration. But it is better to be distinguished for some good, of deed or character, in our day and generation, than to neglect and miss that possible thing, in the vain strife for a glimpse of future renown. Except great rogues and criminals, and men-killers called heroes, few have won lasting remembrance, unless they have done some work of lasting benefit to mankind. Just in proportion—as the rule—as we serve the world, shall we be desirably remembered. We can no more get a permanent niche in the Pantheon by any other process, than we can lift ourselves to Heaven by the seats of our nether garments.

OUR CITY ARCHITECTURE.

London is unrivaled in the number and elegance of her Club Houses, with their ample ground margins, and Paris in the *Cafes* that line her Boulevards; but we doubt if any capital or mart in the world can make a braver show of hotel, mansion, mercantile ware-house and banking-house edifices, than the city of New York. It is to be regretted by every lover of architectural beauty, that so many of our noble edifices are crowded upon narrow streets, without ground surroundings, and thus shorn of the effectiveness which space alone can give to the proportions and ornaments of architecture. In Philadelphia, much more regard is had for the proper display of public edifices. The ornamentation of the city is studied as well as the business uses of its structures.

We wish this taste were more prevailing here, but our building spirit, while emulous of the ages when Venice, and Genoa, and Florence, were lavishly decorated with palaces and temples, at the public cost, is only emulous to pile the structure as broad and high, and ornament it as elaborately, without much regard for the location and space on which its external beauty must depend. Compare the Lee marble edifice on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, with any marble or other structure in our city, and in appearance the superiority of the former must be conceded, while in fact, it is not superior in design, proportion or ornament. Its superiority results from its location, which permits it to be viewed with advantage. It is not "cribbed, cabined and confined," like many of our finest architectural piles.

There have been within three or four years completed some marble stores in Pine street, hardly noticeable in that thoroughfare, and yet as stately and costly as anything of the kind in all the world. But it were idle to particularize where a fault is general. Viewing the gradual rise of a number of magnificent banking-houses we have been assured by our own, as well as by the observation of others, that our city excels especially in that range of architecture—indeed, she has no compeer. This reflection has gratified us, for the reason that it suggested a love for the grand and beautiful, even among that class who are generally supposed to be absorbed in money-trade and money considerations. It is pleasant to know that, even while bending over their coffers, our bankers and capitalists do not forget that there is a beautiful world without, canopied by azure skies and fanned by fresh winds, and that the eye of man, hemmed in by city walls, craves as some compensation that those walls shall be tasteful and beautiful.

THE MORMONS' WIVES.

This singular people have returned to Salt Lake City, and set about rendering the country too uncomfortable for the gentiles, soldiers included, who had taken up their residence in and about the Mormon capital. The chief source of anxiety to the "faithful" is centered in their wives. Do what they will, the elders and prophets cannot keep feminine eyes from casting admiring looks upon the young and gallant new-comers. Consequently, the ladies are shut up, and forbidden to hold converse with the "gentile dogs." Such treatment would of course exasperate women in any part of the world; and what can a man do with forty exasperated wives! Let him who has found *one* too much for him, answer—if he can. There will ere long be a female rebellion in Utah, or else the women of that country are made of different stuff from their sisters hereabouts.

GOOD CHANCES STILL LEFT.

It is the fashion for the lazy young men of the present day to excuse their idleness by the plea that "there is no longer any chance left for distinction." This is not so. On the contrary, there never has been a time in the world's history when such chances for distinction have been open to the quick eye, the ready hand, and the stout heart. As proof of this witness, the distinction achieved by Sir Joseph Paxton, (architect of the Crystal Palace,) by Lieut. Maury, and by Dr. Kane, to say nothing of the crowning glories won by the originators and executors of that stupendous enterprise—the establishment of the Atlantic Telegraph. There are good chances for distinction still left.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

NUMBER III.

You can step aside, Mrs. Grundy; what I am about to write is not for your over-fastidious ear. *You*, who take by the hand the polished roue, and welcome him with a sweet smile to the parlor where sit your young, trusting daughters; you, who "have no business with his private life, so long as his manners are gentlemanly;" you who, while saying this, turn away with bitter, unwomanly words from his penitent, writhing victim. I ask no leave of *you* to speak of the wretched girls picked out of the gutters of New York streets, to inhabit those cells at Blackwell's Island. I speak not to *you* of what was tugging at my heartstrings as I saw them, that beautiful summer afternoon, file in, two by two, to their meals, followed by a man carrying a cowhide in his hand, by way of reminder; all this would not interest you; but when you tell me that these women are not to be named to ears polite, that our sons and our daughters should grow up ignorant of their existence, I stop my ears. As if they could, or did! As if they can take a step in the public streets without being jostled or addressed by them, or pained by their passing ribaldry; as if they could return from a party or concert at night, without meeting droves of them; as if they could, even in broad daylight, sit down to an ice-cream without having one for a vis-a-vis. As if they could ride in a car or omnibus, or cross in a ferry-boat, or go to a watering-place, without being unmistakably confronted by them. No, Mrs. Grundy; you know all this as well as I do. You would push them "anywhere out of the world," as unfit to live, as unfit to die; *they*, the weaker party, while their partners in sin, for whom you claim greater mental superiority, and who, by your own finding, should be much better able to learn and *to teach* the lesson of self-control—to them you extend perfect absolution. Most consistent Mrs. Grundy, get out of my way while I say what I was going to, without fear or favor of yours.

If I believed, as legislators, and others with whom I have talked on this subject, pretend to believe, they best know why, that God ever made one of those girls for the life they lead, for this in plain Saxon is what their talk amounts to, I should curse Him. If I could temporise as they do about it, as "a necessary evil," and "always has been, and always will be," and (then add this beautiful tribute to manhood) "that pure women would not be safe were it not so"—and all the other budget of excuses which this sin makes to cover its deformity—I would forswear my manhood.

You say their intellects are small, they are mere animals, naturally coarse and groveling. Answer me this—are they, or are they not *immortal?* Decide the question whether *this* life is to be *all* to them. Decide before you shoulder the responsibility of such a girl's future. Granted she has only *this* life. God knows how much misery may be crowded into that. But you say, "Bless your soul, why do you talk to *me?* I have nothing to do with it; I am as virtuous as St. Paul." St. Paul was a bachelor, and of course is not my favorite apostle; but waiving that, I answer, you *have* something to do with it when you talk thus, and throw your influence on the wrong side. No matter how outwardly correct your past life may have been, if you *really believe* what you say, I would not give a fig for your virtue if temptation and opportunity favored; and if you talk so for talk's sake, and do not believe it, you had better "tarry at Jericho till your beard be grown."

But you say to me, "Oh, you don't know anything about it; men are differently constituted from women; woman's sphere is home." That don't suspend the laws of her being. That don't make it that she don't need sympathy and appreciation. That don't make it that she is never weary and needs amusement to restore her. Fudge. I believe in no difference that makes this distinction. Women lead, most of them, lives of unbroken monotony, and have much more need of exhilarating influences than men, whose life is out of doors in the breathing, active world. Don't tell me of shoemakers at their lasts, and tailors at their needles. Do either ever have to lay down their customers' coats and shoes fifty times a day, and wonder when the day is over why their work is *not* done, though they have struggled through fire and water to finish it? Do not both tailor and shoemaker have at least the variation of a walk to or from the shop to their meals? Do not their customers talk their beloved politics to them while they stitch, and do not their "confreres" run for a bottle of ale and crack merry jokes with them as their work progresses? Sirs! if monotony is to be avoided in man's life as injurious; if "variety" and exhilaration must always be the spice to his pursuits, how much more must it be necessary to a sensitively organized woman? If home is not sufficient, (and I will persist that any *industrious, virtuous, unambitious* man, may have a home if he chooses); if home is not sufficient for him, why should it suffice for her? whose work is never done—who can have literally *no* such thing as system, (and here's where a mother's discouragement comes in), while her babes are in their infancy; who often says to herself at night, though she would not for worlds part with one of them—"I can't tell what I have accomplished to-day, and yet I have not been idle a minute;" and day after day passes on in this way, and perhaps for weeks she does not pass the threshold for a breath of air, and yet men talk of "monotony!" and being "differently constituted," and needing amusement and exhilaration; and "business" is the broad mantle which it is not always safe for a wife to lift. I have no faith in putting women in a pound, that men may trample down the clover in a forty-acre lot. But enough for that transparent excuse.

The great Law-giver made no distinction of sex, as far as I can find out, when he promulgated the seventh commandment, nor should we. You tell me "society makes a difference;" more shame to it—more shame to the women who help to perpetuate it. You tell me that infidelity on the wife's part involves an unjust claim upon the husband and provider; and I ask you, on the other hand, if a good and virtuous wife has not a right to expect *healthy* children?

Let both be equally pure; let every man look upon every woman, whatsoever her rank or condition, as a sister whom his manhood is bound to protect, even, if need be, against herself, and let every woman turn the cold shoulder to any man of her acquaintance, how polished soever he may be, who would degrade her sex. Then this vexed question would be settled; there would be no such libels upon womanhood as I saw at Blackwell's Island, driven in droves to their cells. No more human traffic in those gilded palaces, which our children must not hear mentioned, forsooth! though their very fathers may help to support them, and which our tender-hearted legislators "can't see their way clear about." Then our beautiful rivers would no longer toss upon our island shores the "dead bodies of unfortunate young females."

Fanny Fern.

PRIDE.

A just pride is one of the most beautiful manifestations of human character—a disposition to be cultivated and encouraged at every age and in every condition. Pride in the maintenance of a spotless character and pure life—pride in the performance of noble and generous actions—pride in doing the best we can and emulating the virtues of those who transcend us—pride in all things that tend to elevate the mind and heart, and that, however the vulgar and vicious may regard us, ensure to us more and more of the esteem of the virtuous. Fortified by such pride, we can in the midst of poverty and trial, maintain the dignity of manhood, and rise by force of self-respect superior to every misfortune. For after all the homage paid to external pomp and possession, it is the man—the true man—that counts in the great battle of life, and on the pages of history. What has not such a man accomplished, in spite of so called advantages and fortune—in spite of obscure birth, ignoble caste, and perhaps still worse inherited embarrassments.

Look over the record of those who have made our humanity illustrious, and see how few were born and nurtured in the lap of worldly, sensual pride. The pioneers, the leaders, the saviors of our race have been chiefly of the humblest origin, so far as temporal surroundings were concerned. To the brave soul, proud of its manhood and of continuence in lofty aspirings, all conquest is possible and easy, and in the march to higher goals it gathers, without effort, the baser spoils of fortune and renown.

But there is a pride as mean, contemptible and debasing, as its counterpart is elevating and noble. It is pride of birth, without personal merit to back it—pride of wealth, acquired or inherited, without virtue or generosity in its use—pride of dress and equipage, which knaves and fools, and felons even may compass. Indeed, the lower the quality of pride, the more offensive and ostentatious its exhibitions. Those are often the proudest, in the common acceptance of the term, who have the least to be proud of. Vain, shallow minds, characterless characters, spreading their gaudy plumes to the gaze of witlings, and winning after all only sneers and contempt. How true the lines of the "peasant poet," Burns—

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the *gold* for all that."

False pride can never secure the esteem, nor the respect, of those who surround us. We may delude ourselves with the idea that we are making a grand impression on society by its displays, but in the end we shall find that we were only laughed at, and set down as shallow masquers and conceited fools.

THINGS TO BE NOTED.

The query of Jeffries, in "Blackwood" a few years ago—"Who reads an American book?" has been answered by the British reprint of some eight hundred different American works, within the past twenty years—part of them acknowledged as American by the reprinters, but many of them pirated and palmed off as English. The Continent has been proportionately patronizing of our young literature. It is but three or four years since one of our shipwrights turned out a yacht that beat all foreign competitors—while our yards have been preferred by Russia and other nations desiring ships built abroad. It is but a few years since our Hoe gave to the world the noblest printing-press, and our Morse the Electric Telegraph—for which a council of European powers have recently rewarded him with a present of eighty thousand dollars.

That our Maury has mapped the currents of the sea and defined the courses of the trade-winds, in a manner unrivaled, is universally acknowledged. That our Kane voyaged farther on a world-renowned errand of mercy, and that our Grinnell gave for this errand with a liberality as voluntary as unparalleled, are matters of history. That we have fed Europe without charge in times of famine, is on record. That we flogged the British in two wars, and have flogged whoever has sought a quarrel with us, are facts patent. That our mowing, reaping and threshing machines, and our labor-saving machines generally, are models for the world, is beyond dispute.

And more particularly, that in spite of neglect on the part of the American public, our factories produce superior mechanic and agricultural tools and builders' hardware, and that the article of American gimlet-pointed screws, largely turned out by the good city of Providence, has driven the long-time triumphant English article clean out of our markets, is known to all the observing. It is none the less a fact, that of our entire native population, in proportion to numbers, we have over thirty per cent. fewer persons unable to read and write than any other country on earth. We might extend the list to columns and volumes, but not wishing to appear egotistical on the national account, we stop with this brief summary of encouraging American "things to be noted."

HOW THE WORLD IS AMUSED.

Were it possible for the mind to seize at a single view the occupations of all the inhabitants of the globe, it would be somewhat curious to behold the numbers that at any given point of time, are busily and solely employed in raising their animal spirits to the agreeable point of elevation, and to compare the various artifices adopted for this purpose. Of the eight hundred millions, the computed number of the whole, we should have so many millions smoking; so many carousing; so many millions or thousands throwing off drams; so many sipping coffee; so many masticating opium, and other exhilarating extracts; so many dancing, singing, hunting, or gambling, all to keep off the blues. Some must have mimic scenes of bloodshed on the stage; some must see men kill one another in earnest; for others a mortal cock-fight is a sufficient stimulant. Some keep the vapors at bay by talking politics, others by talking scandal, millions by talking of themselves. Some droop if the world neglects to praise them, and of these, some prefer a full draught of adulation at stated intervals, while others, among whom are authors, actors, crowned heads, and handsome ladies, must be tippling it from morning till night. Some take to the excitement of hot suppers; others to ghost stories; others to authentic accounts of earthquakes, murders, and conflagrations. But it were endless to proceed; money-making, money spending; fanatical devotion; auto-de-fes; Indian torturing of prisoners; sight-seeing; last new novels; in a word, many of men's occupations and most of their amusements—what are they but the several ways of attaining the same end: and happy they who have so regulated their passions as to require no other stimulant than the last number of the Ledger to keep their minds in good humor with the world and themselves.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Intemperate exaggeration *diminishes* by *addition*, as the word *small* is made *smaller* by adding two letters to it. When a man asserts too much, whether in the shape of praise or censure, we take our revenge by falling into an opposite error and believing too little. The same effect is often produced by that confusion of ideas or terms which is designated a bull. An English radical, inveighing against the capacity of the clergy, gave as his decided opinion, that, if they had their own way, they would raise the tithes from a *tenth* to a *twentieth*.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose—is in constant motion without getting on a jot; he is in everybody's way but stops nobody; he talks a great deal but says very little; looks into everything but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, yet few of them are hot, and with those few he only burns his fingers.

When persons gravely affirm that they have made up their minds to forego this or that improper enjoyment, it often seems a pity they cannot make up their *bodies* as well. Falstaff would have been as abstemious at the banquet as a hermit, and as firm in the battle as a hero, if he could have but gained over the consent of his stomach in the one case and of his legs in the other.

"I have good reason," exclaimed an enraged author, who had been lampooned in a review, "to believe that M—— has given me this stab in the dark." "Make your mind perfectly easy," said his friend, "for M—— is the last man to give you a stab in the dark; first because he always held you in *light* estimation, and secondly because he is a fellow that *wouldn't stick at anything*."

Life has been likened a thousand times to a well-worn thoroughfare, beaten into dust by the tread of feet, and bearing the imprint of everything in turn. The sun shines broad upon it, like a great unwinking eye; the wayside inns are many, but the homes are few.

When you look for a dew drop in the grass by night, you find it only by the miniature of the star that shines in it. Now almost every man's past is like a drop of dew; he never sees it at all, unless it is a locket for an atom of Heaven.

We are ruined not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants;—if they are real ones, they will come home in search of you. He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

"Are you a skilful mechanic?" "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly—just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

Many designing men, by asking small favors and evincing great gratitude, have eventually obtained the most important ones. We are strongly inclined to continue to oblige those whom we have begun to oblige, and to injure those we have begun to injure.

A man in Wisconsin, charged with an infamous crime, was caught a few days ago by his neighbors, who cut off both his ears close to his head. That fellow has *short crops* this season.

"Sir," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

We know a modest tailor who institutes more *suits* than any half dozen lawyers of our acquaintance. And his suits cover nakedness, while theirs expose it.

"What do you think of bub?" said a doting mother, presenting her bad brat to a friend. "I think he's a silly-bub, and ought to be a whipped silly-bub."

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

"Jim, I know of a new fashioned mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What is it, Jack?" "Why, eat a red herring for breakfast, and you will be dry all day."

"Why do you swing the scythe, Frank? *I* get my living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can."

Alas! what a place earth would be if the many-colored creeds of this world did not, by Almighty goodness, make the white light of the world to come.

We have seldom seen a keener toast to the ladies on the fourth of July than this: Our stars before marriage, our stripes after.

A day or two ago, the managers of a sailboat on the Ohio river threw out all her ballast. She was consequently upset—destroyed by *lightening*.

As a general rule, self-interest is the mainspring of our actions, and utility the test of their value.

"Can't we make your lover jealous, Miss?" "Oh, yes sir, I think we can, if we *put our heads together*."

"How do my customers like the milk I sell them?" "Oh, they all think it of 'the first water.'"

If a young lady is not able to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.

Self-defence is the clearest of all laws, and for the reason that lawyers didn't make it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

The Canadian child, that has two bodies, three arms and four legs, is now on exhibition in Quebec, and excites much attention and speculation. It is said to be about six weeks old, and perfectly healthy. Eminent physicians who have examined it, say it has as good a chance for a long life as any child of its age could have.

It is said that an egg was recently found in Lawrence county, Pa., imbedded in gravel, thirty feet below the surface of the ground, and in a state of perfect preservation. It is said that the singular discovery has caused much discussion, but that nobody can solve the mystery. We think the chap that placed the egg there could solve it.

A man named Munroe, aged fifty-four, and his wife, aged seventy years, recently committed suicide by taking laudanum, and then closing their bedroom as tightly as possible and igniting a pan of charcoal. The reason assigned for the act was that they did not wish to live any longer and wanted to die together.

There is a goose in the town of Barley Sheaf, Ohio, which is eighty-three years old. It is a survivor of the Revolution, three of its sisters having been sacrificed to celebrate the "great peace." The present owner of the goose, Mr. Schomp, has had it in his possession for fifty years.

A detective officer, from Chicago, fell asleep while recently traveling over the Alton railroad with a prisoner, and the latter, after helping himself to the contents of his captor's pockets, leaped off the car as it was going slowly round a curve, and disappeared.

A Minnesota paper, in speaking of the paper currency of that State, says: "It may be proper to add that a bushel of notes, at the place of issue, are traded for an iron spoon, but gradually lose their value as they circulate towards remote districts."

An accomplished and beautiful young English lady—Miss E. Southall—recently fell in love with, and married, a noted Spanish bull-fighter at Madrid. On being asked what she could see in him to admire, she replied, "His legs and his courage!"

A young man named McMellon, while swinging some ladies in a ponderous swing, at Falconwood, near Buffalo, fell underneath the swing at the point where it comes nearest the earth, and was so terribly crushed that his life is despaired of.

The receipts at the New York Custom House, recently, in one day reached the enormous sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. That looks as though the importing business is fast coming up to the old standard.

It seems that the effects of the great panic are now at the worst in Paris. There have been three hundred and sixteen more heavy failures in that city during the last twelve months than in any other year.

A famous dancing elephant was recently bought in Calcutta, by an English speculator, for the enormous sum of £12,000—about sixty thousand dollars.

The last news from Utah brings the astounding intelligence that Brigham Young has eighty-five children. That is too many by eighty.

A locomotive engine on the Alexandria railroad became unmanageable the other day, and running through the depot, brought up in a restaurant.

An eel was recently caught near Holyoke, Mass., in which was found a gold ring worth four or five dollars.

NATURE'S LESSON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Mountains, wherever your cones and tiers, whereby I will fill thy children with joy."—Emerson.

When trees scatter in the fields,
Father! with thy blessing we
Will find the leaves the harmless kind
Made by knowing goodness wise.

Where the milky grasses swell,
And the silver leaves rest,
Where the cotton flowers nod,
Soon his plants make bed.

When trees walkest by the way,
Mother! with thy little one,
Where the cones, and wool, and grass,
Where the uncultured fleece rest,

Show her how their cones grow,
How their baby-blossoms start,
Tell their fragrance and their bloom
Teach the rapture of her heart;

Tell her that, that He who spread
All these beauties in his love,
Seeks his children thus to train
For a higher bliss above.

Hartford, Conn., July 8th, 1865.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXVI.—Continued.

It was some time after Mark had concluded his narrative that he became aware, who had listened with breathless attention, could find words to express their admiration of his fidelity and endurance.

Richard was the first to speak.

"You have acted nobly, Mark," he said; "and whatever your past errors, your present conduct has redeemed them. None may well be proud of her husband. I no longer wonder at her enduring confidence and love: but tell me," he added, "and carefully, for I have a heart moved to hear the worst at evil, rather than suspense, what think you are the chances that Sir Charles and his gallant band have been enabled to hold out?"

"I regard it as certain," replied the messenger, "against any force supplied with artillery, and even then the struggle would be a desperate one: such a man is the Hun but would fall in his dear lady."

"There is no fear of a surrender, then," said the lieutenant.

"You forget, sir, there are women with them," answered the disguised trooper, gloomily.

"Right!" exclaimed the soldier, "the question was a soulless one; how far is the temple from this place?"

"Five troops about ten day's march."

"We can accomplish it in three," observed Richard, eagerly. "Comrades—gentlemen—friends, let us not lose an instant. Heart and brain are both on fire till I know whether I shall have to be defiled of a life to throw away like some worthless thing."

A consultation was held as to the best means of providing Mark, whom it would have been cruelty to leave unattended, with a horse.

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Jack Mandrew, in a tone of confidence. "You remember the beast when we purchased rice and fowls this morning?"

Both his companions recollected it.

"Well," continued the speaker, "the owner of it but a powerful, vicious-looking brute—something like the one the major used to ride in Calcutta. I noticed it tethered in the field. It is not more than an hour's ride from here; wait, and I'll undertake to bring it back with me."

His companions insisted on accompanying him—the more especially as Mark, who knew the country, informed them that, by retracing their path a few miles, they might avoid several large villages whose inhabitants had joined the rebels, and at the same time shorten their journey by a day.

They had not proceeded far when a sudden turn in the jungle brought them within the pistol-shot of the owner of the animal they were in search of. The fellow was mounted on its back, and had evidently been following their track; with what intentions might easily be guessed, by the weapons carried by the troop.

At the sight of the three friends, he would have turned bridle and fled, but more than one rifle covered him.

"Are ye robbers?" he demanded, trying to conceal his fear.

"Have we not paid you for the food we bought?" replied the lieutenant; "robbers are not generally so honest."

"We require your horse," added our hero, impetuously; "name the sum at which you value it to him, and it shall be counted down to you."

"I won't sell him," answered the Hindoo, sullenly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mark Rayner—who had approached nearer to the animal than his companions—"but it belongs to the Gul. I can swear to him, even as this dismount."

This exclamation, which was incoherently uttered in English, at once confirmed the suspicions of the Indian, who, leveling a pistol at the speaker, shot him in the left arm; the wounded man would proved only to be a flesh one, and was speedily avenged. A ball from Jack's revolver rattled, and not only the first account, but the question of the ownership of the horse, which the marksman coolly led the bridle to his side of him in.

Richard and the lieutenant dismounted, and bound up Mark's arm with their handkerchiefs.

"It is nothing," said the wounded man, smiling cheerfully; "an hour since I felt as if I could give up life without a struggle; to defend it now," he added, "I feel once more that I have something to live for!"

Arming himself with the weapons of the dead man, the speaker leaped into the vacant saddle, and the party resumed their journey anxiously but hopefully, for Providence seemed to be watching over them. As they proceeded on their way more than one mutual prayer was uttered up for the safety of the helpless woman whose fate hung trembling in the balance.

Little did the lover dream that the object of his affections was at that moment the captive of a licentious Indian, exposed to a persecution worse than death, to which death would have been mercy—a peril the very thought of which might blanch the cheek of maiden modesty, and cause indignant virtue to quench her kindest in tears.

It is now time that we return to the cell in which Lillian was confined, awaiting the return of her persecutor.

Here we may be permitted to remark how simple, yet inscrutable, are the means by which the All-directing Power, which holds the universe in its span, controls the strong will and actions of humanity, working all things to its own end. An insect passing from one district to another, may beget contagion and death upon its wings, and the inhabiting of a flower produce madness.

When Al Moorad entered the cell at the expiration of the hour he had granted his victim for reflection, he found her suffering from one of those posthumful fevers whose ravages in a few hours break the spell of beauty, and reduce the sufferer to the brink of the grave.

Lillian appeared perfectly conscious of the fatal malady which had seized her, and saw him approach without fear—almost without a shudder—for the wing of the angel of death hovered over her, and its shadow was already upon her.

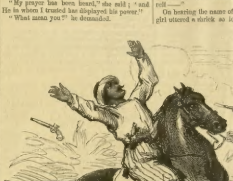
"My prayer has been heard," she said; "and He in whom I trusted has displayed his power!"

"What saint you?" he demanded.

"Approach and read an answer in the fever that consumes me," replied the fair girl, tottering from her couch until she stood directly under the light of the hunter's lamp, which partially illumined her prison. "Aye, pant upon me," she added; "contemplate your work. Approach—I bear you not, for my touch is death. Affection would fly from me—love much more loveless passion!"

"At least I shall have the consolation of knowing," muttered the disappointed Hindoo, "that thou hast never been mine!" then, in the lamed Tyrolese—

Recalling the name of her lover, the suffering girl uttered a shriek so loud and piercing that it terror-



SUMMARY SETTLEMENT OF A BLIGHT DISTRICT.

ised even my power could have interposed between him and the artful dame in the inner apartment; as it is, the presence of the chief likewise brings mercy."

At the word "mercy" Kehoda looked up into his face doubtfully.

"On certain conditions," he added.

This time she believed him.

"The English infidels are within the walls of the upper temple," continued the old man; "but we have one of their accursed race in a golden cage in the harem."

On hearing that there was an English prisoner, the Nautch girl all but broke the silence which the sage, given by the speaker when, in first entering the cell, had imposed. Doubtless, she suspected that it was Richard. The thought, who read her thoughts, quickly understood her.

"Your former mistress," he said, "whom Al Moorad has made the deadly foe-man in her veins, and threatens the seat of life. Will thou undertake to tend upon her?"

Kehoda nodded her head.

"Watch her hour after hour and minute by minute, and carry out my instructions to the letter?"

The girl again answered in the same sign of assent.

"In that case thy forfeit life shall be spared," said the old man, "and thy past crime forgiven. I rescue the soul of sinner from the fire; again it is permitted thee to speak."

The first use Kehoda made of the privilege thus unexpectedly restored to her was to fall at the decrepit feet of her deliverer, and, after both a flood of thanks, mingled with vows of fidelity for the future.

The time passed on, and the hour of midnight announced by the vehemence of her protestations, and the sage's departure.

Calling to his attendants a crowd of whom filled the adjoining chamber, he left the precincts of the chain which held the prisoner to the stone column in the centre of her cell, prohibiting her only the silent space to circulate around it; his commands were instantly obeyed.

"Watch over her, sage," he said; "I will conduct thee to thy charge."

The old man towards Kehoda was installed in the cell of Lillian, whom she watched over with a devotion which seemed to prove that her mistress could have inspired; and yet it was not love, but hatred that urged her, as each fresh cry, in her delirium, her sinking, and soothe her raving with endearing words. I know that every movement she made was watched—that unseen eyes were upon her.

Towards Hirim, the groom, was not an idle spectator of what was passing within the temple. He had watched with the eyes of the jealous, and noticed the illustration their lives attended of their words. He had seen the sage of Kehoda's penitence with which he once regarded them. His resolution became hardened to him, and he determined to seize the first opportunity to escape.

It was necessary, however, to be cautious.

The cell of Kehoda. When the maiden waken from the deep slumber into which the draught it was about to prepare for her, the first voice which falls upon her ear must be a friendly one; the first features which meet her gaze, those she has been accustomed to, or madness may be the consequence.

Should the girl refuse to attend upon her former mistress? observed the banker, anxiously, for he was aware of her real position for our hero.

"She dares not. Life is sweet," was the reply. "I thought she was condemned?"

"I have the power of pardon," answered the priest, at the same time bowling the mystic cord which hung from his shoulder.

"Will she trust your promise?"

"Kehoda knows that the word of Nadir is inviolable."

By this time the speaker had reached the prison of the Nautch girl, whom on throwing open the door, they discovered prostrate upon the stone ground, clad in a saffron-colored dress—the badge of the condemned. All fire and animation had vanished from her features. It was evident that she had endured not only mental, but great bodily suffering.

As the visitor entered, the Brahmin made the peculiar sign which imposes the most absolute silence upon the votaries of Mariatale.

"Listen to me," he said.

The prisoner raised her eyes.

"Thou had been condemned by the laws of the temple, not for violating the vow of obedience, but seeking to violate. Had the former been the case, not even my power could have interposed between thee and the artful dame in the inner apartment; as it is, the presence of the chief likewise brings mercy."

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to you," he added: "have you not sworn upon the Vedas?"

"So have the collector and the police magistrate."

"Concern not yourself for their safety," interrupted the Brahmin, with a slight degree of irritation at being thus questioned. "When the goddess of the place decrees, her minister will find the means to execute."

Al Moorad did not feel altogether satisfied with the assurance, and for the first time he mentally asked himself whether he had acted wisely in placing himself so entirely in the power of the native Nadir, whose wishes couched in a great measure of cunning, which could only be equaled by his ambition and bigotry.

No doubt our readers will rejoice with us that the gallant 31st still held out against the attacks which had been made upon them by the rebel rajah, whose forces but three times been driven from the walls of the temple, and, when rendered the defeat more mortifying, forced to retreat by the very guns which had been taken from them when they made their first attempt. Sorrow for the loss of his adopted child, so strangely and inexplicably torn from him, had well diminished the energy of the veteran who commanded the beleaguered garrison; on the contrary, it appeared to have armed him with a stern determination to perish rather than yield the solitary post in which he was entitled upon to maintain not only the honor of England, but the prestige of her name and arms. In his resolution officers and men all shared; and, although the privations they endured were necessarily great, not a murmur was to be heard, or a word uttered that did not breathe of vengeance.

Dawlish, who commanded the right wing of sepoys, was smoking his cigar and chatting with one of his brother officers, when the latter suddenly broke off the conversation by pointing to a group of four horsemen, riding at a fearful pace towards the temple; they were pursued by the rajah's cavalry.

"They may be friends!" exclaimed the latter.

"Had you not better order the guns to be opened? It remains they are not numerous enough to cause so much annoyance."

Dawlish raised a powerful glass which he held in his hand, and something very like a smile of malicious content for an instant on his features.

"Malee!" he replied; "Malee! you know my dear fellow. How can you be so deceived by so clumsy an artifice?"

The corsair did not think that he was deceived, and added for the glass which he returned to his friend to peer with; he required it to watch their manœuvres himself.

As the fugitives approached they uttered loud cries, and waved their swords.

"I can position they say our countrymen," observed the young man. I distinctly caught the word 'open.'"

"An old cat," observed his superior; "most of the rebel sepoys speak our language."

"But suppose you are in error," urged the first speaker.

"I will take the responsibility," answered Dawlish, in a tone which, although it failed to convince the speaker, silenced him.

The four riders rode close to the gate, evidently expecting that it would be thrown open to them; then the friendly shelter they so urgently required; but, disappointed in the hope, they rode on to retreat, and rode on.

"Tell the colonel," shouted the last, "to hold out. Succor is on the march to relieve him."

"By heavens, it is Mark Raynor!" exclaimed the major, who at the same instant made his appearance upon the platform over the archway. "Why did you not order the guns to be opened?"

This was addressed to Dawlish, who muttered something about prudence and an unfortunate mistake.

"Mistake!" repeated the major, angrily; "you deserve to be shot for your prudence! Fire upon the first of brave men."

The soldiers of the guard began to murmur.

"Give them a volley," said the speaker, pointing to the pursuing party, who had incautiously advanced within musket shot of the walls. "It is the only chance the prudence of Captain Dawlish has left them."

The order was obeyed not only with hearty good will, but with a precision that did credit to the whole company.

The confusion in which the unexpected firing threw the small body of cavalry, gave the fugitives time to reach a half-ruined tower, standing between the temple and the fort.

"By heavens, but they have another," exclaimed Phillamore, greatly excited, for from his position every movement was painfully distinct to him; "no, they have succeeded in entering the gates."

"It will prove their bath, I fear," observed Sir Charles Fairmore, when the tumult in the fort had taken place had brought to the walls. "We are too much reduced to attempt a sortie."

"They are within reach of our cannon," observed the corsair, who had first descried the approach of Mark Raynor and his companions, when we scarcely need inform our readers were no other than Richard, the lieutenant, and his faithful Nadir. "Don't you think, colonel, we might bring them to bear?"

The change of position of the only two pieces of ordnance the besieged regiment possessed was immediately ordered; and the soldiers worked with such hearty good will that the alterations were speedily effected.

The first shot dispersed the cloud of horsemen, who withdrew to a distance, still keeping however, in such a position as might enable them to interrupt the fugitives, should they safely reach and attempt to rescue their way to the temple.

The advantage unfortunately proved only a temporary one, for the salvos soon gave way, the troops of Ashur issued in such numbers from the fort that all idea of extending them on the part of the fugitives would have been madness. A party of the rebels were dismounted and approached the entrance, but were received by a volley from our hero and his friends, who fired through the loopholes of the building. Several times it was repeated and told with deadly effect.

"The probabilities are, that had Sir Charles been aware that Richard was one of the defenders of that tower, feelings might have conquered the discretion of prudence and duty, and urged him to make a desperate attempt to rescue him, although it must have terminated in the destruction of the suffering party.

"Brave fellows!" muttered the major, his eyes still riveted on the scene of conflict; "what! why it is of no use; they must perish."

His words proved prophetic, for whilst the assault on the tower was being continued, the rajah ordered forth from the fort, followed by a body of officers and sepoys.

A piece of heavy ordnance was dragged up, and the rebel chief himself directed his men in bringing it to bear upon the tower and the desperate men who were fighting for their lives against such fearful odds.

"It is a painful thing," said the colonel, turning

aside, "to see brave men die; but we are powerless to aid them."

The mournful silence of those around sufficiently testified his opinion.

"There goes the first shot!" exclaimed the major, as the report of the enemy belched forth its iron shower; "their shelter will soon be a heap of ruins."

"Better they should be buried beneath them," observed Wharton, "than fall into the hands of those who have never yet shown mercy."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

JACK MANNERS MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT.

Although it was with a feeling of bitter disappointment that our hero and his companions found the gates of the temple closed against them by the obstinacy or error of Dawlish, it did not make them unjust. Not one of the party blamed the country gentleman which hatred, bigotry, and the precarious shelter of the round-house in order to avoid their pursuers, who had hunted them like bloodhounds from the hills, still bloodhound pack, till their panting steeds were well nigh exhausted with toil.

On reaching the entrance to their retreat, the fugitives, without one instant's hesitation, dashed them, and by uniting their efforts, succeeded at last in forcing the massive portal to which we refer up higher, and drawing the ponderous bars.

The door was then half reclosed, and secured with a view to defense. The walls were constructed of rough, unhewn stone, without aperture of any kind, except a row of loopholes just large enough for musketry.

So far they were fortunate.

A broken staircase led to a vaulted chamber below, which, although not entirely habitable, could examine it, while Mark Raynor and Jack kept watch and ward.

After groping carefully round the walls—for the place was too obscure to time to sight about—he satisfied themselves there existed no means of egress from the vault, consequently they were safe from any attack, save from the front. Unfortunately, however, forthily struck our hero: the walls appeared to be built with regularity of form and choice of materials from the rest of the building.

"What is strange!" demanded his companion.

Richard pointed out the peculiarity to his friend, when Marsh, to satisfy himself, by means of his pistol struck a light, and, setting fire to the wadding he was furnished round his horses, had time, during the temporary blaze, to examine the singular construction.

Its walls were built of long, square blocks of admirable height and uniformity, and cemented with a high relief with subjects taken from the incarnations of Brahma, and Hindoo mythology.

Evidently it had been intended for some religious purpose.

Under any other circumstances they would have examined it with interest; but the report of their companions' revolvers recalled them to the unpleasant shore. As they emerged from the vault, a ballot whistled through one of the loopholes, slightly grazed the temple of Richard. Fortunately, the enemy, three of whom had already fallen, were too much intimidated to fire except at a distance.

"We can never hope to hold this place," observed the lieutenant, after a brief consultation.

At the sanctions he cast his eyes around to discover if there was no means of escape from the chamber above, and from thence passing to the roof of the tower.

"Has the corsair had been taken away?

"Our friends by this time must have perceived their fatal error," said our hero. "They never will desert us."

"Richard will do his duty," was the reply of his more experienced companion.

And that he did.

"Not to risk the lives of his men in an attempt to rescue one man, and that man a stranger, and in that of the helpless beings who have no other protection. Were you his own son," added the veteran, "he would act precisely as he does now; you perish before his sight, rather than abandon his post."

There was a silence of several minutes; each one felt that the words were true, and that to attempt it without a murmur—although it seemed hard, but to obey, and their companions were with them.

Suddenly the firing ceased—all listened eagerly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mark Raynor, greatly excited; "but the regiment have made a charge upon the rebels!"

The lieutenant shook his head incredulously.

Jack listened with the rest, but he appreciated the peril of his benefactor more than his own, could not see them thus sacrificed to no purpose. He resolved with desperate courage to one of the loopholes, to ascertain why hesitation in the fort.

"They are piling brushwood and timber," he said, against the gates, in order to smoke us out of our position."

"Or force an entrance by fire," observed Richard.

It appeared a cruel doom to men in the pride and strength of manhood to perish by such means. On the one hand, the wolf and the tiger in all their hair, or rush forth to be hacked to pieces by the enemies without. Each one felt keenly, however, at his application over the sufferings of their visitors; but to the mind of every young officer, himself, and the lieutenant cast its glances once more hopelessly on the broken stairs which led to the upper vault of the tower.

Jack, who followed the direction of his eyes with his own, exclaimed in the next moment, as, drawing forth his clasp knife, began to rip the outer flaps of his waistcoat, "Richard, you have had recourse to many a desperate shift, but I am sure you will not refuse me one in my present extremity."

"Speak, my brave fellow!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "and if anything can be done to save you, it shall be done."

"Then, you must not attempt to dissuade me," replied Jack, "for I am resolved to make the attempt."

"What is it?" demanded his companion.

"Richard, you will not be guilty of such a folly," cried, when Marsh, to satisfy himself, by means of his pistol struck a light, and, setting fire to the wadding he was furnished round his horses, had time, during the temporary blaze, to examine the singular construction.

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MEMORY.

When the red light fades through the casement,
I sit alone in the gloom,
And a spray from the climbing rose-tree
Peers into the silent room :—

Now it swayeth against the lattice,
Now dasheth against the pane,
Though the hand that gathered its blossoms
Shall gather them ne'er again.

She hath gone up the starry pathway
That all the Blessed have trod,
And she gleaneth the milk-white lilies
That fringe the River of God.

Her fair hands are peacefully folded,
Meekly her eyes are cast down,
The lilies lie thick on her bosom,
She weareth a golden crown.

Then she kneeleth adown before Him
And a Psalm she singeth sweet,
And the golden crown and the lilies
She layeth them at His feet.

Still it swayeth against the lattice,
Still dasheth against the pane,
Though the hand that gathered its blossoms
Shall gather them ne'er again. R. M'C., JR.

THE STONE CROSS AT COLOGNE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

JER. 3. 31.
A. VON RADEWISKI.
Geb. Loeben.
Geb Aug. 24, 1800.—Gest. Aug. 15, 1836.

That was the inscription which I read above a grave in the churchyard of the chapel of Saint Saviour, at Cologne, one pleasant July morning more than twenty years ago. I was *en route* from Bremen to Paris, but the sight of the Rhine beguiled me, and I stopped for an hour or two to look around Cologne, intending to take another train in the afternoon, and meet my friends at the Hotel d'Etranger, Paris, in time for the next morning's breakfast.

I was walking quite near the station, so that my friend the gen-d'arme, who had received a silver coin in advance, on condition that he should hunt me up in full time for the train, might see me, when my attention was attracted by a statue of the Virgin and her child, erected in an angle of the market-place, and facing the Crucifixion, which was carved in stone upon the great wall just opposite. I saw a pious Catholic pass. He pulled off his hat, made a little reverence, and crossed himself as he hurried by; and then, crossing the market-place, and lifting my own hat a little as I passed the Calvary, I tried the great gate of the inclosure, and looked in. As I looked around, my eyes fell upon a plain cross of veined marble, bearing the inscription I have already copied, and standing well back from the path. The grave itself was covered with soft green turf, and a strange-looking crimson flower, with a black heart, shaped something like a rose, grew in rich profusion all about the foot of the cross.

"GEB LOEBEN.
Geb. Aug. 24, 1800.—Gest. Aug. 15, 1836."

What did it mean? I knew no more than if the inscription had been written in the unknown tongue. "Geb." and "Gest.," I supposed, from their connexion, must stand for "born" and "died," but I could not translate "Loeben," nor can I to this day, my stock of languages being exceedingly limited. I looked at the other graves beneath the shadow of the cedar tree, but my gaze kept wandering back to that one. It had been made in 1836, and it was now 1838. The turf was still green and the flowers unfaded—the sleeper had not been forgotten. But there was a green depression at the head of the grave that annoyed me. One side was a little lower than the other, and the turf refused to grow there. It was a very foolish idea, but I remembered some stories of "resurrectionists" which I had heard in my youth, and how they always used to draw the coffin cannily out at just that place, and then fill up the empty grave with boards and sods, to hide the absence of its tenant. Yet always—so my good nurse had related with a wise shake of her gray head—always that one little place remained which could not be filled up—which *would* sink down in spite of all they could do. And such a place was here. What if the poor Polish exile (as I dare say he was) had been spirited off by some lawless medical student, and ruthlessly dissected before a gazing crowd. Or—what put *that* idea into my head—what if he had grown tired of lying there, and had quietly let himself out, and gone into the world again, a troubled spirit in a body which could not rest.

Years and years ago, when I was a boy in my American home, I had daily to pass a "graveyard" (as it is there called) on my way to school. The village "tomb," (which is only a vault with iron doors, erected at the outskirts of the place, and extending far under the graves themselves,) was sometimes open, so that as we hurried by we could catch a glimpse of the coffins on their shelves within, waiting their turn to be buried beneath the open sky of Heaven. One day the door was shut, and some of our number said if any one should knock three times upon it, he would surely die within three days, three weeks, three months, or possibly three years. We dared each other to do it, and I, being, I suppose, the greatest fool in the company, went up and gave the three loud knocks which rang solemnly through the vault, and sent me back, faint and pale, to my terrified comrades. They looked upon me as one doomed from that day; yet the appointed time passed, and I was alive and well. But I drew a long breath of relief when the longest period of all—three years—had passed, and I scarcely like to think of it even now. The spirit which prompted that dare-devil prank was not quite quelled at the time of which I am writing. I bent over the grave and eyed it closely; I cleared away the flowers from the foot of the cross, and finally, throwing a glance up the long avenue, and seeing no one coming, I knelt down beside the grave, and laid my lips close to the depressed earth where the grass would not grow.

"Von Radewiski, are you here?" I whispered.

My heart beat so I could scarcely breathe, as I waited for an answer from the dead! But all was silent within the dark home, and the swallows sang cheerily around the church, and the trees waved gently in the fresh air that dried the perspiration starting on my forehead.

"Von Radewiski—are you here?" I asked again.

The words had scarcely left my lips before a dreadful horror came over me, and I sprang to my feet, and leaned against the cedar tree. There had been no stir or motion; no shadow had passed over the grass; no mocking voice had sounded in my ear, and yet I felt that I was not alone. *Something* was beside me; something leaned against the cedar tree as I was leaning, and the bright blue sky shone down upon us both! I turned pale and faint; my blood ran cold in my veins, and I felt my hair rising on my head. I tried to speak, but my tongue was like iron; I would have cried out, but my voice had gone; and when, in my extremity, I bethought myself of the sign of the cross, I could not raise my arm to make it. Oh, that dead silence in the fair, green churchyard, with the *Thing* I had conjured up beside me, was horrible! It only lasted a moment, though it seemed like ages. The gate clicked; I saw the gen-d'arme entering, and I was free once more. I breathed a thankful prayer, and, as may be easily imagined, registered a vow never to trouble the repose of the dead again. My worthy friend looked at me as he saw me wiping my forehead, and scarcely able to stand, and cast a curious glance from me to the grave.

"Ah—monsieur looks ill," he said gravely.

"And so would you, my good fellow," I answered, "if you had been beset as I have been here."

"Ah—monsieur has seen something."

He crossed himself and turned his back upon the grave. I took his arm, and we walked to the outer gates in silence; but when we were fairly in the station, with a busy crowd around us, and the noise of the city outside, I slipped another coin into his hand.

"Now, my friend, before we part, tell me about that grave. Who is buried there?"

"People say no one, Monsieur."

"What do you mean?"

"It is a queer tale," he said, shrugging his shoulders and pulling his moustache. "A Polish count, I believe it was, who was killed in a duel, and buried there secretly, at night. They say he had sold himself to the devil, and I do not know what besides. However, they managed to get him into consecrated ground, by hook or crook, and supposed they had done with him. It is an odd-looking grave; strangers often stop to look at it; but the sexton is, or ought to be, always there, to warn them away."

"And why?"

"I will tell you, Monsieur. Some people thought they saw the Polish count after his death, and not more than a year ago. They were ready to make oath about it, and being Englishmen, gave their countryman, the reverend gentleman at St. Saviour's, no peace till he allowed the grave to be privately opened."

"Well."

"Monsieur, there was no one there."

I could have yelled with terror. Something in the fellow's words frightened me more than anything else could have done.

"And you actually think he is still in the world now? Pshaw! what nonsense!"

I made this remark with a pale face and quivering lips, and the gen-d'arme knew as well as you or I, dear reader, that I was scared, as well I might be, if his tale was true, considering what I had done only half an hour before.

He bowed and pointed to the train, which now came thundering up beside the station.

"Monsieur, what am I to believe, if not that? Adieu, and may you never meet him."

I dare say he laughed in his sleeve, after he had gone, at the fright he had given me. But I could not rally from it, and "Geb Loeben" and the rest of it ran in my head all that night, and for many days after I joined my friends at Paris.

* * * * *

We went to Rome during that autumn, and remained in the Holy City till the following May. We were a party of artists, four in number, and much alike in temper and disposition. A happier or more careless set of fellows never existed, I fancy. We made friends of such of our profession as we fancied, painted our pictures, sang our songs, cracked our jokes, and told our stories together, as many others have done before, and many more will do after us.

I stood one day looking at the crowd of devotees who were gathering at the foot of the Sancta Scala, a broad flight of steps or stairs, said, I believe, to have been the same which were ascended by the Saviour when he went to be judged at the house of Pontius Pilate. Whoever of the faithful shall ascend them on his or her knees, devoutly reciting a prayer on every step, gains an indulgence on reaching the top. As I was musing upon this and other church matters, my eyes fell upon the face of a gentleman standing near me, and a cold shudder ran over me from head to foot, I could not tell why. He was, like myself, a looker-on; was slender and well-dressed, with a regularly featured face, fair hair and moustache, and a small, white hand—that true *English* mark of aristocratic birth. He was looking at the worshipers, and a slight smile lingered on his lip. By-and-by he turned towards me, and his eyes met mine with a full glance. It was as if he had given me a blow. I never saw such eyes but then. As to color, they had none. I, as an artist, ought to be able to give a name to any tint under the sky or upon the earth, but I solemnly declare that to those shifting, changing eyes I can affix no appellation. They were large, and somewhat peculiar in form, and had, at the first glance, very much of the pearl-gray tint—neither violet nor blue—one sometimes sees in a twilight. Come close—look nearer—and what a change! A lonely tarn, lying out in the moonlight upon the Scottish hills, with never a ripple on its breast, yet always swelling, sighing and changing, and with fearful sights in its black depths; murdered and bleeding corpses, and bleaching bones—this was all I could think of, as the stranger fixed his gaze on me. I was no romantic, visionary boy, but a strong, sturdy man, fond of roast beef and good living, with as little poetry in my nature as an artist can manage to get along with, yet I cowered before him like a whipped spaniel. His white teeth shone beneath his moustache, and leaning towards me, he whispered—

"Welcome to Rome. It is not the first time you and I have met."

"Sir, you are mistaken."

He twirled his moustache as I drew myself up haughtily, and laid his small hand upon my arm. I seemed to hear the rustling of trees, the song of birds, and the swell of a river against a stone wall. And a breeze laden with the fragrance of lime blossoms swept across my cheek, and I heard a stifled whisper—

"Von Radewiski, are you here?"

I grew sick with horror—for though I hope I am as brave as most men when anything real and tangible presents itself, I confess honestly that I am thoroughly afraid of anything from the spirit world. The light grasp on my arm recalled me to myself, and the mocking eyes looked full into mine.

"I see you know me now," he said, with a smile. "Farewell for the present, but we shall meet again."

When I mustered up courage enough to look around, his place was vacant. But I knew quite well who had been with me, and oh! how fervently I wished I had never seen St. Saviour's, at Cologne!

He told the truth when he said we should meet again. He haunted me as if he had been my shadow, and I grew ill and low-spirited under the persecution. I saw him at balls, and parties, and operas constantly, and the old thrill of horror would creep over me, when a third person would sometimes come and stand exactly between us, and converse with me. That made it real. That made it evident to my bewildered mind that he was only visible when and where he chose. I lost flesh and color; I could not sleep or eat, and our party decided that I was in love. Even that was better than the truth, and I did not contradict it. I was afraid to speak of Von Radewiski to those laughing, jovial Englishmen; they would have thought me mad.

There was a saint, among other saints who have lived in Rome, who was peculiarly beloved by the young and noble men of that patrician city, for his winning ways and gentle deeds. Himself of noble birth, he resigned everything to become a priest, and devoted himself earnestly to his holy calling. As a boy, so pure was his life, and so free from all boyish sins, that in the college he went by the name of "good Pippo;" as a man, the needy, the sinful and the unfortunate always found in him a father and a friend; as a saint, he is said to have worked many astonishing miracles, and the lame walk, and the blind see, on visiting his tomb with faith. I am speaking of St. Philip Neri, the founder and patron of his order, and the tutelar saint of the "oratorys" of which every one, traveling on the continent or in England, has heard. The little room where this good man spent his long and useful life is still shown, and on the Saints' Day his body is exposed in a kind of mausoleum, whose iron doors are thrown open, that his children and disciples may pray before his tomb. I had heard much of the dazzling purity of his life and character, and joined the crowd that flocked on that lovely May morning to look at the sepulcher. But as I turned away, after a glimpse of the body, lying, as it had done for so many years, in its coffin, I met *the eyes* again, and felt almost as if my hour had come.

I went home, and locking myself into my room, gave orders that I was not to be disturbed, and determined I would go out no more till that evil Thing had departed, even though I condemned myself to a lifelong solitude, like that of Father Raphael in his lonely cell. I dined late, and after my servant had brought the lamps and the wine, sent him about his own devices, and sat long over my claret. "The moon was up and at the full," and the chamber where I sat was flooded with its beams. I smoked my cheroot and thought of home, and of my blue-eyed cousin there, and of the time when we were children together, and I used to call her my little wife. They were gentle fancies, and pleasant, and I lifted the wine-glass from the table to drink my pretty Edith's health. The next moment the goblet fell crashing to the floor, and the cheroot hissed itself out of existence in the pool of claret in which it was lying. For there, in my room with the locked and barred doors, stood Von Radewiski, leaning carelessly against the chimney-piece, and looking at me with an evil smile.

"You are rather inhospitable, my friend," he said quietly. "But I forgive you. And you see it makes no difference with me."

I was dumb.

"You called me some time ago, at a time when I could not conveniently answer you," said my ghostly visitor, with a smile. "Though I think I made you understand that I was near you at last. Since then, I have come before you now and then, as you well know."

"Unquiet spirit, tell me why you haunt me so."

"You called me, and I came," he said calmly.

It was too true. I groaned when I thought of my foolhardy exploit, and poor Frankenstein, haunted by his Monster, could not have repented of his rash curiosity more than I. Von Radewiski went on:

"At times you have believed in me entirely, at others, you have been inclined to think me a mere creature of your imagination, and have even laughed at the idea of my existence after death. Is it not so?"

I hung my head and did not speak. If I had ever been glad to doubt his reality, I was most thoroughly and terribly convinced of it now, and the cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead as I thought of my situation, shut up in a lonely chamber, at night, with a man who had been three years dead. I can write of it quietly enough now, here in my happy home, with my blue-eyed Edith standing at the open window, throwing flowers at our youngest child upon the lawn, but it was not a pleasant thing to undergo, nor, for a long time, to remember.

"I am about to give you a convincing proof of my identity," said the cold, clear voice. "Whatever you doubt again, it will not be me."

He stood perfectly still, only looking at me, without making a sign or movement that I could see. But the room in the old palace faded slowly from my view, with him in it, the moonlight still shone, but it was upon a quiet churchyard, and I was no longer sitting in my easy chair, but standing alone beneath the cedar tree. The air was cold and clear, though it was a summer evening, and I put my hand to my forehead, and felt the rough bark of the tree against which I was leaning. I was not dreaming. So surely as I am sitting here, do I believe I stood in the churchyard of St. Saviour's that night, and heard the bells chime out the hour—eleven. The old feeling came over me as I stood and looked at the grave at my feet, with its stone cross and smoothly kept green turf. The crimson flowers had grown higher than they were the year before, and came up almost high enough to hide the words carved upon the cross.

I took off my hat, and if a thought of the good Saint Philip lying in his coffin at Rome crossed my mind, it did not keep me from what I was tempted to do. I knelt down and put my lips to the one bare sod, and whispered, as I had done once before—

"Von Radewiski, are you there?"

There was no answer. I smiled scornfully, and repeated my summons.

Hark! a stir and a sigh beneath me.

"Who calls?" said a melancholy voice. "Yes, I am here."

I sprang to my feet quaking with affright, and directly the heavy sods were removed as if by an invisible hand, and I looked down into the dark grave. By the bright light of the moon I saw, as plainly as I now see Edith and our child before me, a man lying in his shroud and coffin, with his pale hands clasped over a great wound in his side, from which a few drops of blood were welling. Changed and pale as he was, I recognized the face only too well, and by-and-by he opened his eyes, and looked up at me with the old glance.

"You called me and I came," he said quietly. "Come you to me now, and we will never part again."

He sat upright in his coffin, and stretched out his pale, blood-stained hands. I groaned and fell back to avoid him. When I opened my eyes again I was in my room at Rome, and the day was breaking.

Come nearer to me, Edith, and you, my blue-eyed boy, lay your little cheek to mine, and press your lips upon my forehead. It is an ugly tale, and, coward as I am, I can scarcely bear to think of it even yet. Thank God for me, my darlings, that I am free from the dreadful curse.

A SICK ROBBER;

AND HOW TIM CURED HIM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Tim Benson was a brave, kind-hearted man, and had seen much of the world, and been mixed up some in adventurous affairs. I lost sight of him when I left our native village, and shortly after that he wandered off to the Far West. Not long since Tim called upon me. I did not know him at first, for he had grown stout and dark, and his coarse hair had many a silver touch upon it. But I found him to be the same warm, genial friend as of old, and I enjoyed the week through which his visit extended very much. One day we went out upon our old trout stream, with our poles upon our shoulders, and our dinners in our pockets; and when it came noon we sat down under some shady trees upon the bank, and eat our meal. After the last crumb had been disposed of, and Tim had lighted his pipe, I picked up the old newspaper in which the "grub" had been done up, and glanced my eyes over its columns. I saw an account of a murder in Missouri, and read it aloud to my companion.

"That's a great place for murders and robberies," I remarked, as I threw the paper down.

"Yes—'tis," said Tim. "But I can tell you one thing: When they catch one of the villains, they make 'im suffer. I tell ye, a man stands on his own merits there."

"But a great many villains escape," I added.

"True," he replied, "for they have more chance than they do here. But once in awhile a chap gets jerked up when he least expects it. I caught one once—about a year ago—and he was strung up without much ceremony. He was tried; but they wasn't long in convicting him."

"How did you catch him?" I asked.

"I'll tell ye," said Tim. He knocked the ashes from his pipe; then picked out an easier seat upon the bank; and then commenced:

"About two years ago I took a notion to go to Texas. I landed at Galveston, where I staid six months. I was just getting ready to go up the Trinity River when I was taken down with the small-pox. I had it hard, as ye can see by some of the marks on my face; but I come safely out of it, and when I was wholly well, I started off. At Brownville I fell in with a man I had known in Mississippi, and I stopped there, and went into a sort of a dickering business with him. His name was Smith; and I think he belonged in New York. One evening he and I went over to the tavern, where we used to sit sometimes to hear the news, and while we were there a peddler came along, and engaged lodgings for the night. He was a short, middle-aged man, and I should say a German by birth. He had two large japanned trunks; and after he'd eaten his supper he opened 'em, and tried to trade with us. He had a good many watches; and some jewelry; and some silver spoons; and a host of other truck, such as knives, and pistols, and so on. He sold quite a lot of stuff, and then put his trunks away, and sat down and smoked.

"Just about this time a chap named Sutt Mangle, who lived a mile from the settlement, on a little by-way that branched off from the main road by the river, sank forward in his chair, and said he was taken very sick. The landlord got him a glass of whiskey, but that didn't seem to do him any good. He said he hadn't felt well all the afternoon. He was dizzy now, and almost blind, and had severe pains all up and down his back. He said he never could get home alone, and he wanted somebody to help him. One of the company, who had a horse in the shed, offered to help him, and Sutt got up to go out with him, but he staggered and trembled so that he had to help him out, and lift him onto the horse.

"This Sutt Mangle had lived in that section going on four years, but folks didn't know much about him. He had a wife, but no children, and earned his living by hunting. He seemed to be a quiet sort of a chap, but as he didn't seek anybody's company, of course there didn't anybody seek his.

"About nine o'clock Smith and I went home and went to bed, and just as we were going to work the next morning we saw the German peddler posting off down the main road to the river. We went to the shop, and along towards the middle of the forenoon we saw a crowd gathering in front of the tavern. I ran over, and learned that the pedler had been murdered and robbed! We found the coroner, and off we went down the road, for about a mile, where we found the murdered man. His head was smashed to a pumice, and his clothes all covered with blood; and not far off was found the club with which it had been done. It was a piece of locust, and was daubed all over the heaviest end with blood and tangled hair. The two trunks were found in the woods, entirely empty, everything they had contained having been carried off.

"It didn't take long to find a verdict in that case; and when they had decided that the peddler had been brutally murdered by some unknown person, the body was carried back to the tavern, and then the people turned out to hunt up the murderer. They hunted all that day, scouring the highways, and the by-ways, and the woods in every direction; but the object of their search was not to be found. One of the first places visited was Sutt Mangle's. They found him sick abed, and his wife said she was afraid he had the small-pox. She had seen nothing, and heard nothing, of any stragglers about the premises, and as the settlers were anxious to get out of the way of a man who had that fatal disease, they left as quickly as possible.

"It was on the third day after the murder that all hopes of finding the villain in that section were given up. As many as twenty different individuals had been apprehended and examined, but not proof enough could be found to detain them. People wondered how it could have been done—and well they might—for the murder could not have been done an hour before it was discovered, and in less than another hour half the inhabitants of the town were on the search. Inquiries had been made upon every way by which a villain could have escaped, but no clue could be thus gained. I had made up my mind that the murderer had not left the town at all. I believed that it must have been done by some one who lived in that section; though I had no idea of where a suspicion could rest.

"The third day after the murder was Sunday, and in the forenoon Smith and I went out to take a walk. We stopped at the tavern, where I learned that Sutt Mangle had the small-pox of the worst kind, and that nobody dared to go near the house. I asked if he had the doctor.

"'No,' said the landlord; 'his wife says she can fix him up, as she has been in a hospital at New Orleans. So the doctor thinks there is no need of his venturing there.'

"Of course I knew that I couldn't take the small-pox again, so I made up my mind that I'd go down and see the poor fellow, and find out if he wanted any help. Smith said he would go part way with me, but he wouldn't venture into the cot. We set out, and when we got to within half a dozen rods of the house, my companion said he guessed he'd stop, and let me go ahead. The dwelling was only a log-cabin, and when I reached the door, Mrs. Mangle came out. She was a hard-looking woman, though not so homely as I had seen.

"'Don't come no nigher,' she cried, when she saw me. 'Sutt's got the small-pox awful.'

"'Never fear,' says I. 'I aint afraid of it. I've just dropped down to see if I couldn't help him.'

"But she declared that I mustn't come in. She said it would be the death of me. He didn't want any help. However, I insisted, and she finally gave way; but she warned me against going near the bed. I went in, and there, in one corner, on a low bed, I saw Sutt Mangle. His face was as speckled as an adder, and he seemed to be in much pain.

"'How are ye?' I asked.

"'Awful!' said he.

"'Can't I do something for ye?' says I.

"'Take care!' he cried. 'Don't come no nigher! Ye'll ketch yer death!'

"It struck me that the man could talk a good deal better than I could when I had the small-pox, and I thought his eyes looked rather bright and clear. And then his face wasn't swollen a bit.

"'Take care!' says he, as I went nearer to him.

"'Never fear,' says I. 'I've had it;' and as I spoke I sat down on the side of the bed. He trembled so that I could feel the bed shake under me, and turned quickly over so as to hide his face; and as he did this I saw two things that rather startled me. In the first place, I saw that he had his clothes on; and in the second place, I saw that the spots on his face *weren't anything but spots!* They weren't pustules at all, but only daubs of some kind of red and purple paint, or berry-juice.

"It didn't take more'n a minute for me to see quite an *animal*. I'd seen twenty men sick with the small-pox at the same time, and I knew that this chap wasn't sick any more than I was. I'd come there to help him if I could; but the thought struck me that I might help him in a little different way from what I was expected.

"'Well,' says I, as honest as I could, 'if I can't help ye, I'll be moving; but look out that ye don't catch cold.'

"He said he would, and I left him. When I joined Smith, I told him what I'd found. I told him that Sutt Mangle hadn't got the small-pox—that he'd pretended to have it so as to keep people away from him, in which he had succeeded pretty well. Says I,—'He planned to rob the peddler when he first pretended to be taken sick at the tavern. It was a shrewd thing, but if you'll go back with me we'll show him that he hasn't succeeded.'

"Smith was all afire now, and as anxious to examine into the matter as I was. Of course I wasn't morally sure that Sutt was the murderer; but I was sure that he had no sickness; and that was ground enough to work upon. We got a couple of good clubs, and went back to the cot—crawling along under the bushes—and when we got to the open yard we rushed in. Sutt was just getting out of bed, and when he saw us he caught a pistol from under his pillow; but before he could cock it Smith gave him a rap on the head with his club which settled him back. The woman turned to flee, but I attended to her case, though I had to knock her down before I could secure her.

"As soon as Sutt was bound I took a wet rag, and gave his face a washing that cured all the small-pox in a very few moments. He came out as fresh as a rose-bush after a shower. The very first place we examined was under the bed, where we found two bundles done up in old quilts. We pulled 'em out and opened 'em, and found the peddler's whole stock. Sutt Mangle had supposed that a case of small-pox would be a sufficient safeguard against any outsider's poking in under that bed; and if it hadn't happened that I'd had the critter, and so wasn't afraid of it, the valuables might have laid there in safety till he got a chance to move 'em, which he probably meant to do as soon as it was proper for him to get well.

"I remained in the cot to keep guard, while Smith went after help. Sutt swore and begged, and offered me all he'd got if I'd let him go, but I made no words with him. I waited until Smith returned, which he did in company with a score of the villagers, and then we carried the prisoners and their plunder up to the tavern.

"Of course there was no lack of evidence to convict Sutt Mangle of the murder and robbery. It was as plain as day. The clothes he had worn that night at the tavern were found all spattered with blood, and we found the locust, too, close by his cot, from which the club was cut. But the small-pox and the articles under the bed were enough in themselves. However, he was convicted, and in two weeks he was hanged, and before he died he not only confessed that he murdered the peddler, but he said he had killed and robbed a good many men in different parts of the country. His wife was convicted at the same time, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

"That's the only case of small-pox I ever doctored, but I think, all things considered, I managed it pretty well. Don't you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then let's go at the trout again," said Tim.

And at them we went.

REAL POWER.

Wealth, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in the world than either of these—a power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, nor genius subtle enough to refute, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach, nor authority imposing enough to silence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth—the really most potent element of social or individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven-fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault.

VALUE OF A DOLLAR.

If you want to know precisely how much a dollar is worth, just try to borrow that amount from your most intimate friend. Perhaps you will get it, and then again perhaps you won't. If you have no occasion to ask, you can easily obtain it, but if the world honestly believes that you need a dollar to save you from actual starvation, you will stand a remarkably good chance for Potter's Field before the dimes are forthcoming. Try the experiment.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A WISE MAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

When a child to read the little signs
Pausing upon the town, what he sees;
Notices but not for me, says his eyes,
And crosses over to the other side,
Or stepping off in haste by point
The poems written in her crooked feet
Of tender grasses, painted with many
Of dewy colors, where unscented
Almost, she vents her wild, sweet ways,
And the cool grass so reverent, it dares
Throw at her paths no shadow to speak
Leaving her free as nature to obey
Her simple laws by landfalls, knowing they
Make gently the throne, who speaks
Of her good gifts, since they who feel and make
Their offerings, and Practical pigeons.

The scent of earth grows sweet, and by-and-by
Wasted, he turns his face to her grass wall,
And though she white her round his empty eyes
Into heaven's bright day-bed at the moon's side,
And hears God's voice along the twilight call,
Then finds his hands, and answers, "here am I."

A RIVAL'S REVENGE.

BY ANTHONY BENNETT.

A number of years ago, a man by the name of Wallace, of Scotch descent, emigrated to Texas, and settled at a small village called ——. His family consisted of himself, wife, daughter, and servant. This daughter, an only child, was then about eighteen years of age, and very beautiful—of a graceful figure, regular features, black hair, and bright, sparkling black eyes. She had received a good education, was well accomplished, and soon became the belle of the place. She had one fault, however—a fault common to most pretty women—she was a coquette.

Among her numerous admirers was a man some thirty years of age—tall, dark, and stalwart of appearance—of whom report did not speak altogether favorably. He had come to the place a few years previous to the settlement of Mr. Wallace, and boasted himself of the wealth he possessed, and pointed out that he was a man of wealth. Nothing was known of his history, and there were some who openly said he was not what he represented himself; but there were many who believed, for various reasons, that he was a professional gambler, and others that he have plenty of money, and, so far as could be seen, conducted himself in every respect as a honorable matter; but still he was not liked; there was something too stern and forbidding in the man to make him popular with the people around; and hence he was regarded with suspicion and distrust, and many stories were set afloat derogatory to his moral character. James Vaughan, for so he gave his name, seemed not in the least disturbed by these evil reports, but continued to conduct himself as if he believed that all were satisfied with the report which he gave of himself.

How it was that he had become acquainted with Helen Wallace, was not known to the gossiping portion of the village; but they were suddenly surprised to find him escorting her home from her father as a welcome guest; and it was soon rumored that he was treated by Mr. Wallace with unmarked favor.

Time passed on—the months glided away—and still Vaughan remained at his old quarters, and still his visits to the house of Mr. Wallace continued, gradually increasing in frequency, though it was known that scarcely a day passed without a meeting between him and Helen.

Meantime there were many other gentlemen who called on her, and whom she more favored with polite courtesy; but Vaughan, it at length became whispered about, was the favored suitor. He did not deny himself to any; but he, as a general thing, was her escort wherever she went. He frequently rode out with her alone, and almost invariably accompanied her to all the balls, pic-nics, and parties in the vicinity.

This finally settled the matter in the minds of many; and it was not strange that the gossips should go abroad, whether true or false, that the parties were engaged to each other, and the journey of life. This Vaughan himself did not contradict, except in a laughing way, which only tended the more strongly to convince the others of the truth of their conjectures.

But the persons who had made such wonderful predictions concerning the future of Helen Wallace, were soon destined to meet with another surprise, which did much to shake their own faith in their knowledge of events; for one morning it was suddenly discovered, and rapidly spread abroad to all concerned, that James Vaughan, the still unknown and unpopular stranger, had disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Days and weeks were the inquiries set on foot to know what had become of him. None could tell. The landlord of the inn, where he boarded, declared that he had settled his account in good currency, and had, moreover, said business required his absence—beyond which he knew nothing. A company that he had organized in the village, to go eastward for a neighboring town, to take a public conveyance for parts unknown. The Wallaces could give no additional information; and Helen herself laughingly declared that she was not his keeper, and knew not for or toward whereby that he would ever return.

Some few of the more wonder-seeking gossips undertook to raise an excitement, by stating that he had grossly insulted Miss Wallace, and that in his hasty night sometime or other mysteriously come to light; but even this supposition, greatly to their disgust, was speedily disproved, by several parties to the town in question, where it was found that James Vaughan boarded, and that Mr. Vaughan's ghost, had stipulated for a conveyance, and had taken boldly passage to Nacogdoches. This was all that could be gleaned, and all that could be known concerning the man who had made so much talked about; and in a few days being simply conjecture, soon died out a natural death.

Three months more passed away, and Helen Wallace was found to be just as gay and lively as ever—the only difference to be noticed being that she now had more visitors than before, though these latter there was soon numbered one, supposed, like Vaughan, to be more of a favorite than the others, and who, at the time of his departure, was not known in the village. This was a young man some five-and-twenty years of age, of a light complexion, prepossessing appearance, and agreeable manners, who had recently come into the place and opened a shop for trade. In that little village he was dignified by the title of merchant, and was supposed to be well-to-do in the world, if not absolutely wealthy.

Henry Cleveland was a very different personage from his opposed rival, and made himself popular with all classes. He, like all the rest, appeared to be smitten with the charms of the gay Helen, and this time the interested gossips declared that he ought to be the favorite suitor, and did all in their power to bring about "the consummation so devoutly to be wished," and apparently with success, for in a few months the report went abroad that he and Helen were engaged.

He had now become as attentive as his absent rival had ever been, and at length Helen herself announced that he was the chosen one, and that a certain day, sometime yet in the future, was fixed upon for the wedding. This was confirmed by her own preparations for the great event, and it was generally believed that the wedding would be a brilliant affair.

Not to dwell upon the matter, we may briefly state that the anxiously looked-for day at length arrived, and was an auspicious of a happy ending as the betterment in omens could have wished. It was near the close of summer, and the morning beamed out all fair and beautiful as the fair and beautiful bride herself, and the little birds sang as gaily as only they can gaily love, as if their music had been attuned to celebrate a day of happiness for the North.

A wedding in those days, and in that section, was oftentimes a magnificent affair; this is the older and colder region of the North, and was a merry-making day when both high and low could mingle together.

So fashion, hilarity and joy. The residence of Mr. Wallace was decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, and the doors were thrown open to receive the visitors of the bride elect. Many servants were called into requisition, and being taken were agreed under arching trees around the dwelling, and laden with refreshments and useful viands for the accommodation of the guests. But one of these, more beautifully and elegantly set out than either of the others, stood a little apart from the rest, and was the table of honor, or the table of the bride and her bridesmaids and groom.

As the day in question advanced toward meridian, the guests commenced arriving, and the groom, with their immediate attendants, took their places—and, as mentioned, the large number of interested spectators, the solemn ceremony was performed which united the happy couple for life. After this, as soon as the many and cordial gratulations were over, the bridal train led the way to the dining-room, and all were soon seated in doing honor to the hospitality of the provident host.

In the midst of these festivities, when the wines were beginning to circulate, and faces were being flush with smiling hues, and joyousness was pervading the whole assemblage, at this time, we say, like a dark cloud crossing the bright sunlight, and casting a shade of gloom over all—there suddenly appeared upon the scene the unwelcome person of James Vaughan. Each looked at him with surprise, and then to each other, with a sort of mysterious wonder, and then all who could catch a view of the face of the happy bride, perceived that she had suddenly become deadly pale, and greatly troubled, as if through secret fear.

There was no perceptible change, however, in the appearance of the new-comer; his features were the same stern, cold, forbidding, sinister aspect. With a slight nod of recognition, he passed into another room, and the first surprise of all, caused directly to the table occupied by the bride, the bridal party and guests. Here he was welcomed and received him with a sort of constrained politeness, and introduced him to the bride and company as he now beheld for the first time. He bowed to each with that same cold formality which was characteristic of him, and without apologizing to the bride, he extended his hand, and said—

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Helen; it was always my desire to be present at your wedding!"

Her face flushed crimson; and it was observed that the troubled look came over her, and she trembled and let him presented him to him who had now acquired the title of legal protector. A few words passed between the bridegroom and the new parties, and Mr. Vaughan was invited to become a guest at the wedding feast. He accepted, and sat him on the site of the table opposite the bride, and was immediately helped to refreshments. In due course; but not with the same freedom and hilarity as before—all parties seeming to be under together conducted himself as one who believed himself a welcome guest.

At length, taking up a bottle of wine—which, by the way no passage remembered—he filled a glass held in his hand in a peculiar way, though it excited no suspicion at the time—he said, looking around upon the company—

"Will you permit me to drink a toast with you?"

Receiving a quiet assent, he reached over, filled the bride's glass and then his own.

"My sentiment," he continued, "is one which I know you will not refuse. Here is happiness to the bride, and only separation by death!"

The toast was a little singular, and the word *separation* had an ominous sound. Why should it have been uttered then and there? It was the last word of the sentence—was pronounced distinctly, and yet without emphasis—but it unpleasantly fixed the mind upon what nobody cared to think about.

Attention was then drawn to all the different parties, and the old feeling of sociability was gradually being restored; when suddenly Mr. Wallace started up and called out, in a tone that cast a chill to every heart:

"Good God! what is the matter with Helen?"

The words brought the attention of all directly upon her, and more than one cry of alarm arose as the different guests sprang up in confusion.

The bride was indeed deadly pale—her eyes were closed—her beautiful features were working almost convulsively—and she was gradually sinking back in her seat and falling backwards.

Her husband, turning to her in alarm, was in the act of reaching out his arm to save her, when he himself was suddenly seized in the same terrible manner; and both would have fallen together, had not some of the others come to their assistance. Hands rushed forward and caught them.

For a few minutes a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. Young and old came hurrying up from the different tables, and crowding around in every direction; then, in a trembling, fearful, shuddering whisper, dark words began to float through the collected crowd, and gradually swell out into one loud, wild cry, and then—

"*They are poisoned! poisoned! poisoned!*"

Then suddenly upon the scene, a leader, and a wilder yell—the out-hurrying shriek for vengeance, and the bridegroom and bride were the victims of the dark and damnable deed.

But he was gone—James Vaughan was gone—and the whole excitement and confusion he had suddenly disappeared. Yet he must not escape! Every earth would groan to high heaven for her bosom such a monster!

"All! then and there was hurrying to and fro," [edited:] with sounds of joy all changed to shrieks of woe! and sounds of merriment to yells of vengeance! Song ran way in horror, some wringing their hands with impotent despair, others rushing madly, and others flew to arm themselves and follow the damnable author of all this misery.

We need not prolong the tale of woe. Three days later a solemn funeral procession wound slowly through that mourning village, following that lovely bride and her noble husband to their last dark and narrow home. But long ere the clods of the valley fell upon their coffins—"united in life, and in death not divided"—the frenzy of the forest swayed to and fro the dangling body of the villain murderer, whose name—for revenge's grace had overtaken, and sent, "all unanointed and unprepared" to his awful reckoning in the eternal world!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. W.—No, there is a rule for arranging the dates of bills for posts mentioned at different times. You start with the earliest mentioned, and add to it the number of days and each other date, then multiply the amount of each bill by the number of days it stands over, and add the sum of the bills; add all the products together; divide the sum of the bills into the sum of the products; the sum left, will be the least to the earliest date, and the sum will be the average time of credit. Thus, if A presented you with an, for the above the bills run—

June 5,	$13.38
" 15,	52.40
" 27,	62.40
July 4,	75.00

The difference between June 5th and June 15th is 6 days, 15th and 27th, 12 days, 27th and July 4th, 7 days, 5th and 25th, 17 days. Therefore the bill dated June 15th, stands 6 days over the first bill, the bill of the 27th, 18 days, the bill of July 4th, 25 days, and the bill of September 5th, 17 days over the first bill. Thus—

June 5,	$13.38
" 15,	52.40
" 27,	62.40
July 4,	75.00
	203.18
13.38	80.28
52.40	314.40
62.40	1123.20
75.00	1537.50
203.18	3054.98 (9

Here we have as we guessed, which, added to 5, the date of the first bill, gives us 14 days, the average time of the sale of all the bills, which, added to the first date, gives us the 19th of July, as the average time of credit. Now, if you wish to ascertain the interest on the above bills, at "Peabody's Interest Tables," you will find on page 50, under the head of 6 per cent, on 100, 14 days, which, though not quite so brief or simple as the above, yet is a few cents more accurate.

ENQUIRER.—In making a call with a lady, you should knock at the door and enter the house together—only if the door be narrow, let the lady precede you into the hall. You should wait for the lady to introduce you to the person or persons to be presented to you. If there be no servant in attendance, you should introduce yourself to the person you call on. We do not think it is objectionable for a gentleman to call on a lady at her residence, unless he has the misfortune to be her husband.

ANXIOUS.—Certainly, it would be in our way to have letters written either to your daughters or sons to have them forbear correspondence with persons of whom their parents express to mind or body, and as the re-training of the mind, is the hardest and most difficult of all, we think the wording being, hasting, fleeting, cunning, purging, cursing, and other words, should be carefully avoided. Such words can be both your boys and girls, thus inflicted-dyeing.

A LOVER.—Your letter is not sufficiently full of history by reading Rollin's Ancient History, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Goldsmith's History of England, the historical writings of Robertson, Hume, Smollet, Hume and Lingard, and Macaulay's History of England, Irving, and many others you should read, in order to be able to write a letter of history in a general thing, it is advisable for a man bound to do that which he has not yet set on, but will be a good deal of practice requires have been those where the writer has had to write for all day, have worked it out and seen on the result.

S. J. W.—Such proses must settle such matters by himself. We think, however, that no man of proper spirit would marry a woman who is in the habit of making for a him to his acquaintance.

LOVERS.—If you are really the thrifty young man you say you are, you must no rest in marrying, although it would probably be wise in you to defer taking such a step for a couple o' years.

TORMENT.—We think that it is indecent for any young men to retain a habit of wearing light-hair colored.

M. M.—It is not dangerous to trust a man who has committed a crime.

SILLY SUSIE.—Although you claim that you mean to do right, you are evidently doing wrong—at least you are behaving in a most cruel and heartless manner. The idea of your becoming a girl "because she is not strong" is worthy of the counterpart, it is an ungenerous, unmanly thing. Even if you are not in love with the young man, you should not trifle with his feelings. Be grave by the most unbecoming rule, rather than, by neglect and rude speech, to sneer it with thews.

F. B. S.—If your father was a citizen of the United States you are a citizen; but if he did not use naturalization papers, you must go before some court and prove by two witnesses that you have resided five years in the United States, three as a minor, and two since you became of age, make a declaration of your intention to become a citizen, and declare on oath, and prove to the satisfaction of the court, that the person next presented is the man he has known.

SIDNEY SMITH.—You should know your name, or manner of the dating of a deed or note you give to the person who holds your note, and not solicit from the person; a few days before the public will be informed of your intention to pay the note.

F. J. E.—We should not advise any one to resort to personal violence in order to defend himself from unnecessary criticism. You must not notice remarks made to a person; a few days before the public will be informed of your intention to pay the note.

A LOVER LIKE THE LAST.—Your letter has been received, and we think you had better not accept the addresses of him who has proposed to you by the young man. We cannot be too cautious, especially in matters of the heart.

CONSTANT READER